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Melbourne Cup Fashions

Painting by JOHN SANTRY

This man COWARD...



TWO SCENES from Coward's "Cavalcade"—the toast to England and a wartime farewell.

Witty actor-playwright in new role as Empire emissary

By ELIZABETH WILMOT

"It's still pretty exciting to be English."

Noel Coward, soon to arrive in Australia as an official propagandist for Britain's war effort, said that ten years ago in a curtain speech on the first night of his famous stage epic of Empire, "Cavalcade."

This man Coward—is he the Noel of "Cavalcade" sounding the bugle of Empire, or is he the Coward of drawing-room drama whirled in a vortex of "cocktails, countesses, and caviare"?

AUSTRALIANS will soon have a chance of judging for themselves what the real Noel Coward is like behind the cultivated sophistication of the too, too successful dramatist.

He is coming to Australia at the invitation of the Commonwealth Government to speak on Britain's war activities and work for the Red Cross.

Certainly "Cavalcade" is the only production of his career that does not seem oddly incongruous with his latest role as emissary of Empire.

It was presented in the depths of the depression. The people who saw it were harassed, cynical, suffering from disillusion and war weariness.

Yet the play stirred their love of country, their loyalty and patriotism.

It takes sincerity to do that...

Up till then the Coward world seemed to be peopled with men and women who called each other "angel" and found everything either "divine" or "tiresome."

When they weren't striking sparks of wit off each other they were either thwarted, bored, or suffering intensely.

You could tell that by the way they talked through their teeth in the clipped accents of agonised repression.

Then suddenly Coward deserted this glittering world of flippant idlers and neurotics and gave London "Cavalcade."

Its characters were sane and wholesome. They hadn't heard about repression.

London was vaguely shocked. Here was their slick sophisticated, thought to believe in Absolutely Nothing, writing stuff that brought audiences to their feet cheering as



NOEL COWARD. A typical study of the suave, sophisticated actor-playwright, now on his way to Australia to speak on Britain's war activities and help the Red Cross.

the lights faded on a stage hung with the Union Jack.

Coward had consciously abandoned the bright young people.

He wrote afterwards that first in his mind he had the events of history. Against these he intended to move a group of bright young people of the 'nineties, making the play finish with their children.

"After a while I realised that the play should be bigger than that. I had flogged the bright young people enough, my vehemence against them had congealed, they were now no more than damp squibs, my Poor Little Rich Girls and Dance Little Ladies.

"Thirty years of English life seen through their eyes would be uninspired to say the least of it. Presently my real characters appeared in two classes: the Marys and the Eilens and Bridges."

COWARD says he didn't set out to rally the Empire.

"The original motive for 'Cavalcade,' he said, 'was a long-cherished ambition to write a big play on a big scale.'

He toyed with themes involving the French Revolution, the Second Empire, and even the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire before

he was inspired by a photograph of a troopship leaving for the Boer War.

That was the starting point for "Cavalcade."

"Rumor was fairly general," he wrote in his autobiography, "that I had written it with my tongue in my cheek, in bed, probably, wearing a silk dressing-gown and shaking with cynical laughter."

He didn't. He wrote it in an outburst of playwright's enthusiasm for having found the material he wanted when he knew just what he could do with it.

He was accused of having written it to help bring about a Conservative victory in the then impending general elections in Britain.

"I must regretfully admit," wrote Coward, "that during rehearsals I

was so much occupied in the theatre and, as usual, so bleakly uninterested in politics that I had not the remotest idea, until a few days before production, that there was going to be an election at all."

All of which may sound as if Coward was inclined to apologise, or explain away his strange outburst of patriotism, his lapse from sparkling flippancy.

Far from it. Coward wrote what he felt when he wrote that famous toast to England which is published in a panel below.

Years later, when the flurry of approval and censure over "Cavalcade" had died down, Coward wrote of those times:

"That was all right. That was as deeply sincere and as true as I could make it. I do hope, profoundly hope, that this country will find dignity, greatness and peace again—no cheapness there, that came from the heart, or rather, perhaps, from the roots, twisted sentimental roots, stretching a long way down and a long way back, too deep to be unearthed by intelligence or pacific reason, or even contempt, there, embedded for life."

Maybe it's those roots that are sending Noel Coward round the world to work for "this country of ours, which we love so much."

It's a pretty wit and an uncanny flair for touching the heart that he brings to the job.

Remember the mother in "Cavalcade" who, when the war of 1914 broke out, thought first of the son who had been lost in the Titanic.

"Edward missed this, anyhow," she said. "At least he died when he was happy, before the world broke over his head."

"Don't take that view, dearest," her husband replied. "It's foolish. We've had wars before without the world breaking."

"My world isn't very big," was her answer.

It is the answer of every woman when a world goes to war.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MRS. A. MCCAUSLAND
Palestine Red Cross.

ONLY A.I.F. wife in Palestine classed on active service is Mrs. A. McCausland, of Melbourne, wife of Captain McCausland, who is with the A.I.F. in Palestine. Fluent French scholar, expert typist and stenographer, Mrs. McCausland is now attached to the Australian Red Cross after working at British Red Cross headquarters.



DR. A. WADE
In oils.

SPECIALIST in petroleum investigation, Dr. Arthur Wade, of London, has visited Australia at ten-year intervals as technical adviser to the Commonwealth Government in its search for oil here.

Recently he resigned chairmanship of the Oil Advisory Committee to engage on a new search for oil in Queensland. Graduate of Royal College of Science, London, he later founded a course in petroleum technology there.



MISS KATHLEEN WISE
Four thousand air miles.

MORE than 4000 miles air travel each week for Miss Kathleen Wise, of Adelaide. Recently appointed director of Public Relations Department, Australian National Airways, she visits all the States in her work of promoting interest in air travel.

"I had previously flown 35,000 miles in Australia and the East," she says. First woman appointed to the executive of A.N.A. and Airlines of Australia.



"They leaned over the rail together and watched the moonlight on the water. There was magic in the night—and love was there."

It can come true for YOU!

Love like this is not reserved for fiction—it is the right of every girl. Women who find such happiness are not always the most beautiful—but those who know how to look fascinating and well-groomed, with a petal finish to their skin. For even an ordinary complexion can be transformed by Erasmic Face Powder.

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EJ37a

JUST SIT STILL

A Complete Short Story



Illustrated
by
VIRGIL

"So I see.
Can you
drive out?"

"No," said
Judith. "We
tried—
Eleanor—it's
her father's
roadster—
— couldn't
drive it out
and Nan went back to call the
garage."

"And you're the lily of the field
that toils not, neither does she
spin," he remarked.

"I told them not to bother, that
someone would pull us out," Judith
protested.

He laughed. He seemed quite
pleased with her. Judith laughed
too. She had great confidence in her
own charms. The young man got a
chain out of the back of his car,
hooked it onto Eleanor's car and
pulled it out on the road.

"Thanks," Judith said. "You're
terribly kind."

"Where do you live?" he asked
her. "Not in the village I just
passed."

"Why not?" said Judith. "It's a
good village. We all live there."

"I wish I had noticed it more
carefully as I drove through," he
answered. "I live in Pennsylvania.
I'm on my way to your state univer-
sity. Going to debate there to-night.
Do you go to the university?"

Judith was quite flattered.

"Not till next year," she told him.

"We're just gradu-
ating from high
school, Eleanor and
Nan and I. We've
been friends since
we were babies. Nan is the brains
of the outfit and Eleanor's the
energy."

"And you?" he asked.

"I'm the luck," she said, smiling
at him impudently. "I just sit still
and let things happen like this."

"What a system!" he exclaimed.

Eleanor made an amusing story
of it later: "While I was trying to
tear down an old barn with my bare
hands and Nan was walking back to
Holmes' in the dust, there sits Judith
with the best-looking boy you ever
saw. Now I ask you, is there any
justice?"

They all agreed that there was
no justice at all. But then, a girl
like Judith didn't need justice. The
strange young man whose name she
did not know had spoken the truth
when he said Judith had a system.
And it never failed. There was al-

Judith was transformed
at the party, thinking
only of Tom.

ways someone like Eleanor who liked
to do things. The system worked
like a charm with boys. It worked
in school and it worked at home.
Eleanor told Judith that she was
just plain lazy and Judith admitted
it and that completely disarmed the
warm-hearted efficient Eleanor.

Nan was the student of the three
and she was conscientious. "I have
to be," she complained. "I don't
have any luck, Judy. I never get
away with anything."

Nan won the county scholarship
for the state university and every-
one wanted her to get it. For Nan
was unlucky in other ways. Her
people were poor, her frocks were
dowdy and sometimes it was all she
could manage to hold her place in
the crowd.

When they got to the state univer-
sity Judith lived in the Phi house,
Eleanor in another house which she
was soon managing, and Nan in a
small upstairs room in Professor
Gilden's home, earning her board
and room as a mother's helper.

Still they clung together. Judith
and Eleanor had Nan as a frequent
guest in their houses. Nan took time
from her work to help Judith cram
for examinations. Judith had more
engagements than she knew what
to do with. Often she had to split
her evenings to take in two or three
different dances.

She didn't have Nan and Eleanor
to protect her in the Phi house and
she had to assume a few responsi-
bilities. But even in a household of
girls the old system worked wonder-
fully well.

Judith knew how to get out of
things without making the others
too mad—not mad enough to quarrel
with her anyhow, and if they were
annoyed she didn't care.

But as the years went by Judith
clung to Nan and Eleanor more
than they clung to her. They had
made new and vital friendships in
college, but Judith failed to do so.

She found herself left out of the
sessions when half a dozen upper-
class girls sat together in some
senior's room and talked half the
night. By the time she was a senior
she found that the best men in her
class were very busy. They were

By Margaret W. Jackson

drifting almost insensibly away from
college life, to go to see prospective
employers, becoming involved in
serious love affairs so that they
weren't free for dances, and she
found herself going out with under-
classmen.

Judith was restless that last year.
She had a special course. She had
picked it carefully so that she would
fill out her credit requirements with-
out getting involved in anything too
sticky. She had followed this method
through the university. Although
Judith had taken all the literature
courses available she hadn't made
the Senior Lit. Society. She hadn't
made any honor society. Eleanor in
her senior year was head of Y.W.C.A.
and assistant editor—the highest job
attainable on the Student Daily.

Eleanor was in Mortar Board,
made the journalistic honor society,



was important in student
council. Nan was graduating
with stellar honors.

"I'm fed-up with college,"
Judith told Eleanor when they met
by chance one afternoon. "If it were
not that my mother would be dis-
appointed, I think I'd drop out and
get a job, or go home or something."

Eleanor's bright dark eyes filled
with tears. "I hate to graduate,"
she said. "It seems as though I'll
leave a piece of myself here for-
ever." But she smiled and said more
briskly, "What you need is a love
affair. You know, Judith, you've had
swarms of suitors but you've never
been in love."

Judith laughed. Fancy Eleanor
instructing her about love! Eleanor
was crazy about Chalmers, the editor
of the Student Daily, and everyone
knew it.

In her customary fashion Eleanor's
heart was there for the world to
see. Her devotion to Chalmers was
blind and careless. She fought his
battles, relieved him of every possi-
ble bit of work, waited on him,
worshipped him. He was one of
the school big shots who didn't go
out with girls much. When he
did go out with them it was with
Eleanor, but what good did that do
her? Working together and talking
together in the crowded ink rooms
of the Daily were not Judith's idea
of attention.

"Did you know Nan's engaged,
going to be married after com-
mencement?" Eleanor asked.

Judith stopped in astonishment.
"Nan—engaged!" she
exclaimed. If
Eleanor's love life
was unsatisfactory,
Nan's was nil. Not

that Nan wasn't pretty, even beau-
tiful in her way. But what chance
had she? She never had any
clothes, she was tied down with the
children at Gilden's, and she was
always studying.

"Who is it?" Judith asked sharply.
"Poster—Al Poster," said Eleanor.
"He gets the Drybred Fellowship,
goes to Oxford for two years. Nan's
got a job as laboratory assistant in
an American foundation clinic in
London. So they're going to Eng-
land together."

Judith knew a fury, the sharpest
emotion she had known for years.
She simply could not bear it.

"But he's impossible," Judith cried
at Eleanor. "He's—why he's ter-
rible. He—why look at him, Eleanor,
look at him is all I ask. Nan can't
marry him. I won't let her."

"You keep out of it!" cried Eleanor.



"She's so happy she's walking on
clouds. They've been in love for a
long time. He's the most brilliant
man in the university. Oh I know
his cuffs are frayed and he wears
funny ties and forgets to have his
hair cut—as though that mattered
to Nan. She'll look after those
things. Poster worships her. He's
worked his way, every cent of it.
He'll be a great man some day."

But Judith was deeply disturbed.
Albert Poster was anathema to her.
He was the very sign and symbol
of the worst kind of man a girl could
marry and to think that her own
darling Nan—Judith went out of her
way to climb the stairs to Nan's little
room.

"Nan, Eleanor told me—" Judith
began uncertainly. "About Poster,
I mean. Oh, Nan!" Nan turned
her beautiful face toward Judith
and Judith felt blinded by the light
there. It was Nan's bad luck, she
thought helplessly, to have gone
through all Nan had suffered and
now to be in love with a man who
seemed to Judith a freak.

"Oh, Nan," Judith said sitting
down on the narrow bed, "you can't
marry him—you can't. He's so—
queer. He doesn't care about any
of the things women find important.
He'll always be chasing rainbows—
always be poor."

Please turn to page 12

At sea he was bound by rules of etiquette, but on land he could act as he chose—and he did!

JIM LECKENBY eased the dirty, battered nose of the Superior into her slip, then lolled in the wheelhouse doorway with his hand on the reverse control.

Cutting the tug's Diesel into silence, he watched while the mate and deckhand secured her with practised care—and then he leaped to the pier and started towards the little red wharf building which seemed hardly able to support the sign, Carter Maloney Towboat Company.

A gull swept insolently close to Leckenby's cap, but the skipper's eyes were on the tall buildings jutting up beyond the waterfront. Back beyond the tall buildings somewhere was Mary Parks. But business first, and Leckenby swung into the little red building.

He knew in a second that there was something wrong with the old man. Cap'n Carter, president of the Carter Maloney Towboat Company, was as calm and pleasant-looking as a millpond in midsummer. That meant trouble.

"Hello, Cap'n," said Leckenby pleasantly.

"Listen," remarked Carter, "are you a towboat captain or a radio comedian?"

Leckenby looked innocently blank. "What do you mean, Cap'n?"

"You know what I mean. That there radio-telephone on the Superior cost us five hundred dollars. We didn't spend five hundred dollars so you could amuse yourself."

"Oh . . . oh, you mean that?" Jim Leckenby smiled. "Well, I wasn't trying to amuse myself exactly, Cap'n. I've been doing it more to entertain the rest of the boys on the Sound."

"Well, now, that's mighty nice of you." Then Carter withdrew the knife of sarcasm in favor of brass knuckles. "I don't suppose you ever heard that the Federal Communications Commission don't want radio-phones used for chatter. You're supposed to state your business and shut up."

"Look, Cap'n—I hardly ever get on the air except to take a weather report or check in. Of course, I usually make some wisecrack when I sign off."

"Yes," agreed Carter dryly. "You have been signing off like this: 'K-Q-Y-W, tug Superior, Jim Leckenby signing off, and good night to you, and you, and I do mean you.'"

Leckenby reddened to the ears. "Well, that's sort of my signature. Most of the boys have some gag like that."

CARTER groaned. "He admits it," he said to nobody in particular. He looked easily at a framed picture on the wall, at an ugly squat tug tossing on a frightening watercolor sea. The Wild Cat had been Cap'n Carter's first command—when there were no radio-telephones. "I dunno," he went on to Leckenby. "I guess when steam went out the men changed. If," he added dubiously, "you can call 'em men."

The other straightened quickly at this asperser. "See here, Cap'n, you haven't any call to say that. I never lost a log or a salvage job for you, and if you think you can get hold of a better skipper maybe you'd better start looking."

Leckenby sounded as if he meant it, but the old man went on: "And I ain't through. Last night I hear you broadcasting from Parrot Bay. And what are you saying? You're saying that if your girl friend is listening in you'll be seeing her tomorrow night!"

Leckenby was pleading for mercy. "I'll watch it after this, Cap'n." He hurried away.

Pete Jarvis, mate of the Superior, watched the skipper swing down the ramp that connected the office with the pier. "What's eating the old man?" he wanted to know.

"He's sore about the way I've talked on the radiophone."

"You mean those gags? They all do it."



Leckenby went

forward with purpose in his stride. When he emerged from his cabin he was decked in a neat blue suit, and a hat with a snap brim. Pete eyed him. "You'd better sneak around the other side of the office," he mentioned. "If the old man sees you in that outfit he'll roar."

The skipper of the Superior disdained to take the advice. Boldly he walked past Cap'n Carter's window, but he hoped fervently that the old man wasn't looking.

Within an hour Captain Jim Leckenby had forgotten all about his employer. He sat at a restaurant table with a dark young woman whose eyes rarely left his wind-burned face. "You got my message last night?" he asked.

She nodded. "Of course, Jim. I always tune in at eleven, as you said. Sometimes I can't get anything. But last night it was clear. And a couple of weeks ago I heard Dave, too."

"Dave?" Leckenby's brow darkened. "Dave Bekins?"

"Yes. He's up in the Bering Sea. It's really thrilling to sit by your radio and hear from someone you know, way up there."

"I wish I'd never introduced you to that chap."

"Why, Jim, you said at the time that Dave Bekins was the salt of the earth."

Leckenby grunted. "That's what I thought. I didn't know he'd start flirting with you."

"He only telephoned me a couple of times, and once he took me to a movie. That's all I've heard from him except the postcard he wrote from Ketchikan."

Jim's shoulders squared. When a sailor writes to a girl, Leckenby knew, he means business. "Why, I hope he hangs on a reef in Kanaga Bay. And, by golly, he would, too, if he didn't have all those fancy instruments and a navigator."

"Jim Leckenby! That's no way to talk about Dave. Why, he's your best friend."

"He was, you mean?" "I think you're just jealous because he got that job as captain of Mr. Pendenning's yacht."

The master of the Superior whitened. "Jealous? Me jealous of a yacht captain? Listen, you couldn't get me into one of those white pants jobs in a million years, or for a million pounds. That's great stuff for Dave Bekins, though. You just wear a cap with gold stars and be nice to the ladies. And that suits Bekins right down to the keel."

Leckenby was raising his voice in his rancor. Mary Parks stood up. "Jim," she said quietly. "I think I'll go home. Foolishly, I imagined I was coming out for a pleasant evening—"

"Oh . . . and so it isn't pleasant?" "All you've done is yell at me because I received a postcard from Dave Bekins."

This chap in the fancy uniform had tried to steal his girl, Jim remembered, as he swung neatly at him.

She left the booth, and Jim Leckenby just sat there. He sat there because he was dazed, but when he recovered his faculties he told himself that he had sat there by stubborn design. He'd never chased a woman very far yet, and he wasn't going to begin now. "And wait," he promised himself, "just wait until I get face to face with that fancy yacht captain! Why, if it weren't for me he'd still be deck-hand on one of the old man's tugs!"

Whereupon Captain Leckenby repaired to Sloppy Joe's, which was not so far from the Carter Maloney pier. Joe took one look at the tug skipper's face and reached for the drink.

"Hello, Jim. Long time no see. Your friend, Dave Bekins, he was in not an hour ago."

"Bekins?" said Jim dully. "In here?"

"Sure. That yacht, the big white one, just tied up. You ought to see Dave. He looks like a navy admiral. He—"

Sloppy Joe stopped. He had seen enough of men to perceive that Mr. Bekins and Captain Leckenby were no longer friends.

"Look here," said Leckenby to Joe, "if you'd been going with a girl and she got a postcard from another chap—and you got angry and then she got riled—what would that mean? Wouldn't it mean she liked the other fellow?"

Joe mopped his bald head with a bar towel and puckered his brow in deep thought. "I don't think so, maybe."

"Well, why would she get riled, then?"

"That's hard to say. Women are funny." He changed the subject. "I don't think you ought to have another one, Jim. You ain't used to it. I never give more than three to anybody who is not used to it."

"I'm no yacht captain," said Leckenby. "I'm a tugboat man."

Next morning when Leckenby opened his eyes he wished he had taken Joe's advice. He felt awful.

He was no sooner in his dungarees than he heard Cap'n Carter's voice on deck. Leckenby went out. "G'morning, Cap'n."

"Is it?" inquired the old man, waving a rectangle of white paper. "When I tell you what this is maybe you won't think so."

"I didn't really think so in the

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

Short story of a sailor who saved a ship and won a girl by NARD JONES



Jim feverishly sent his message again and again over the radio telephone.

first place, Cap'n. What you got there?"

"It's a warning for you, just as I expected."

"A warning?"

Cap'n Carter nodded triumphantly. "Yes. From the Local Government office, and there's been a complaint about you cluttering up the air with folderol. Night before last a yacht was trying to get a weather report on the upper Sound. They couldn't get through because the captain of a Carter Maloney tug was sending love messages!"

"But, listen, Cap'n. It was clear as a bell that night. What would a yacht on the upper Sound want with a weather report?"

"That ain't the argument. The argument is, the yacht did want a weather report. It's lucky for you they didn't fine us a thousand dollars."

The cool sea air began to clear Leckenby's head a little. "Did you say a yacht?"

"That's what I said. The steam yacht Logan."

"Owned by Howard G. Pendennis, and skippered by Dave Bekins."

"I don't care who owns her, or who her skipper is," roared the old man.

"If you use that radiophone for anything from now on but a scream for help to the Coast Guard I'll bust you out of every towboat on the coast!" Cap'n Carter hopped agilely to a piling and from that more imposing height sent down his orders.

"There's a raft of logs at Larson Bay. Go get 'em and take 'em to Poison's Mill."

Ordinarily, after a hard grind of rounding up logs in tricky Forrest Channel, Leckenby would have wanted to stay ashore a while. But now he was glad for new orders. The only thing he had to do ashore was punch Dave Bekins in the nose—and that could wait. Rather than hunt up Bekins in a hurry and stow him away it would be a lot better to think about it during the long watches.

And on the way to Larson's Bay the skipper of the Superior thought about it perhaps too much. Dutifully, he refrained from monkeying with the radio-telephone, except to

ometer, then peered out along the bow. "We're in for some weather, all right."

In another quarter of an hour the seas on the bow made a south-westerly course tough for the old boat. And south-westerly was her course if she wanted to make Larson's Bay. The Superior had never been too steady, and the two men in the wheelhouse kept spreading their legs a bit wider apart on the well-worn linoleum.

Suddenly a whirl of snow struck against the windows and, almost an instant after, the anchor windlass came up awash.

"We can't make headway against this for long, and it's getting worse. Better lay in at Parrot Bay, I guess," Jim said.

"Going to report to the old man? He'll be worried."

"I'd like to let him worry—the way he did when there weren't any radio-telephones, the days he's always yapping about." Nevertheless, Leckenby switched the transmitter button and adjusted the radiophone to the shore station wave. Then:

"K-Q-Y-W calling shore station . . . Come in, please."

Leckenby flipped the switch back to the listening spot, but no shore station answered. He tried again, and still no luck. That was queer. They were usually right on the job, ready always with their powerful pickup, even when conditions were worse than to-night. After Leckenby had tried a third time he got back on the "ship-to-ship" wave.

"Hello, K-O-M-O. This is K-Q-Y-W calling. Have you heard any more from the Logan? We're going into Parrot Bay. It's getting bad from the south-west . . . Come in, please."

Leckenby motioned the mate to the wheel and took a more comfortable position by the instrument. He had hardly turned off the transmitter when Zeke Winans, captain of the Georgian, asking for him:

"Hello, K-Q-Y-W. This is K-O-M-O calling K-Q-Y-W. Go ahead, Jim . . . Hasn't anybody heard from that sterling comedian of the airways to-night? I heard the Superior left port for Larson's Bay, but I haven't heard of her."

At any other time Jim Leckenby would have grinned and gleefully switched his broadcast button to come back at Zeke Winans. Now he only grunted. "Sterling comedian, huh! Sterling idiot, that's me. Getting funny on the air and singing theme songs to a girl that would fall for a yacht captain!"

Pete, the mate, came to the doorway of the wheelhouse.

"The glass is falling some."

"Yes."

"H

HEARD anything from Leb Curtis? He's got the Commissioner somewhere around Larson's Bay on a salvage job."

"I haven't been using the phone much."

The mate leaned against the chart table and played with the buttons on the radio-telephone.

"Mind if I listen-in?"

Jim shook his head, and under the gnarled fingers of Pete the instrument began giving out Zeke's voice again:

"Hello, K-Q-Y-W. This is K-O-M-O . . . I guess that hay-wire 20-watt set of Jim's is on the fritz, eh fellows? Otherwise I'd have heard from him . . . I'd like to report to him that his pal, Dave Bekins, is having tough going with the yacht Logan. Just heard from him . . . This is K-O-M-O, the tug Georgian. Come in, please . . ."

The wire went dead as Zeke clicked off. "He uses the air too much," said Leckenby piously. Then: "Wonder what the Logan is doing up ahead?"

"Oh, probably old man Pendennis got the itch to go somewhere again," Pete looked at the bar-

ometer, then peered out along the bow. "We're in for some weather, all right."

In another quarter of an hour the seas on the bow made a south-westerly course tough for the old boat. And south-westerly was her course if she wanted to make Larson's Bay. The Superior had never been too steady, and the two men in the wheelhouse kept spreading their legs a bit wider apart on the well-worn linoleum.

Suddenly a whirl of snow struck against the windows and, almost an instant after, the anchor windlass came up awash.

"We can't make headway against this for long, and it's getting worse. Better lay in at Parrot Bay, I guess," Jim said.

"Going to report to the old man? He'll be worried."

"I'd like to let him worry—the way he did when there weren't any radio-telephones, the days he's always yapping about." Nevertheless, Leckenby switched the transmitter button and adjusted the radiophone to the shore station wave. Then:

"K-Q-Y-W calling shore station . . . Come in, please."

Leckenby flipped the switch back to the listening spot, but no shore station answered. He tried again, and still no luck. That was queer. They were usually right on the job, ready always with their powerful pickup, even when conditions were worse than to-night. After Leckenby had tried a third time he got back on the "ship-to-ship" wave.

"Hello, K-O-M-O. This is K-Q-Y-W calling. Have you heard any more from the Logan? We're going into Parrot Bay. It's getting bad from the south-west . . . Come in, please."

the sixth bell, Leckenby straightened. "Here, take the wheel again. It's eleven o'clock, and there's just a chance." As Pete took the wheel, the skipper went to the radio-telephone again. Hurried, feverish, he tossed overboard the rules of tugboats on the air.

He wanted to get ashore now, to landlubbers who just might—just possibly—be listening on short wave at 2738 kilocycles.

"This is the tugboat Superior. If anyone ashore is listening, telephone the Coast Guard office. Tell them to rush a cutter to Yellowback Rocks."

Over and over again, perhaps twenty times, Jim Leckenby repeated it until his voice was cracked and old. "Why didn't you tell 'em it was the Logan?" Pete asked.

Jim answered between calls. "Because I wanted to make it short and simple. The main thing is to get a cutter to the Yellowbacks."

But the mate was sceptical. "There ain't one chance in a thousand that you'd catch anyone sitting by his radio at 2738."

"Maybe a chance in five thousand," Jim amended wearily. "Some of 'em do it, though—and if I hadn't been a fool last night I—I could be sure I got through."

The Superior finally fretted herself into the quiet of Parrot Bay with a dog-tired skipper and mate.

Jim passed a hand roughly over his drawn face, then rubbed his strained eyes. Funny how he wanted

to smash Dave Bekins only a little while ago. Now he could only wonder how a man could feel like that—just because of a woman.

"Better get some sleep, Cap," Pete said.

Jim looked up. "I was just wondering if we could have made it to the Yellowbacks, Pete."

"You know we couldn't."

"Maybe it would have been better to try—even if we didn't make it."

"That wouldn't have helped the Logan any, Cap."

Jim sighed. "I guess not . . ."

Two days later the Superior boomed across the Sound and into its slip beside the Carter Maloney office. The old man was on the pier waiting, another rectangle of paper in his hand. As the tug docked Leckenby regarded his employer suspiciously from the pilot house doorway.

"Hello, Leckenby. I want to see you in the office."

"O.K., Cap'n." Jim climbed to the pier and followed Carter.

Inside, the old man said, "You heard they picked up the Logan all right?"

"Yes," Jim said.

"Well, that was thanks to you. I got another complaint here from the Federal Communications Commission—it's about you not giving your call letters."

Please turn to page 38

CALLING ALL SPORTS GIRLS

KAYSER LINGERIE

at ECONOMY PRICES

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KAYSER

SPELLS ECONOMY IN LINGERIE BUYING

THE boys, Rolf and Clem, said perfunctorily, when Chloe asked them, that yes, as far as they were concerned, she could cut up any old bits of silk she liked, always excepting one or two scarves, a shirt or so, and a pair of lilac pyjamas Rolf had won in a raffle.

Her father said gently: "Well, you know, dear, I can give you a little money for clothes if it's really necessary, but it would be far better if you could do without it."

The roll of silk, buried deep in swathes and swathes of rice-paper and linen up in the chest of drawers in the attic, didn't, of course, have the same awe-inspiring associations for them as it had for her.

They hadn't from early youth thought of it as waiting in perfumed, inviolate splendor for some really suitable occasion, an occasion so important that the imagination refused to climb to the roseate, soaring heights on which it would take place.

It had been in the family since mother was a bride, brought to her by some glamorous seafaring uncle dead before Chloe was born; and mother herself had died without finding, as a country vicar's wife, an occasion splendid enough for the rose shot silk. It really did seem a little presumptuous to use it for a mere dance, even if it was at the Castle.

Once or twice, in her cold little room—nobody at Craig Vicarage ever thought of warming their bedrooms unless they were seriously ill—she spread out the gorgeous stuff in a shimmering pool on the polished floor boards and warmed herself in the jewel-like glow of it.

Even at nineteen Chloe had learnt that, though life always had the possibility of being as adventurous and colorful as you wanted it to be, it very rarely actually managed to be so. But when she looked at this silk, woven with such exciting perfection by a craftsman on the other side of the world, she had to believe that life would be all and more than she had ever imagined it would be.

Of course, she couldn't see how, now, hemmed in by war, poverty and an absent-minded father and two brothers to be looked after, but it would happen.

ONLY the realisation that she was shivering and that her hands were frozen drove her finally downstairs. She had not heard Bob Duncan arrive, but when she opened the sitting-room door she saw his big leather coat flung, as it always was, across the chair just inside the door. He was, as usual, deep in an argument with Rolf and Clem, his blue eyes blazing, his dark hair ruffled.

Now that Rolf was at home on leave Bob spent every moment he could between cases at the vicarage. He and Rolf had been at Paris together, and now Rolf was just about to go abroad with an ambulance while Bob went on working an average of twenty hours a day in his big country practice, made all the more exacting by the presence of thousands of evacuees.

As long as Chloe could remember Bob had been in and out of the vicarage. She smiled at him now and said: "Hallo, Bob!" just as she would have done to Rolf and Clem.

Bob got up as she ran across the room and knelt on the shabby hearthrug. He studied her small, pointed face for a moment or two before speaking, running his eyes over her slender body and head of curls with quiet professional skill. He noted the way her hands shook and her chin trembled.

"What were you doing in a cold room all this time?" he said at last. "You're shivering!"

"You idiot, Chloe!" said Rolf. "It's rottenly cold to-night."

Bob put his hands under Chloe's armpits and set her down gently but firmly in his armchair, pulled it round closer to the fire and then strode over to the desk where Mr. Hillyard sat writing, his overcoat half on and half off, his muffler trailing on the floor behind him.

"Can Chloe have the top couple of inches, sir?" he said, picking up the big cup of milk which stood steaming at his elbow.

"By all means! I must be off immediately!" Mr. Hillyard half turned, looking at Chloe with a short-sighted pucker of the brows. "You're looking a bit peaked, my child. Sometimes I think you don't have enough fun. You work too hard for us. At any rate, go to the

COME TO THE BALL

A Complete Short Story

By Stella Currey

Careys' dance, won't you, dear? Your mother would have liked you to."

"Yes," said Bob, standing by her while she grimaced over the milk. "You'd better go. Do you good!"

"Most likely we're all planning our own future misery," said Clem. "She'll fall for some fatuous ass in a minute, and we'll have no buffer between ourselves and Hannah's bullying."

"Well, Chloe, what do you think of that for an idea?" said Bob, taking the milk back to the vicar. "I mean about the fatuous ass!"

"Grand!" sighed Chloe. "As long as he has lots and lots of money."

"Very nice," said Clem. "I've always had a liking for those sorts of romances myself. 'Vicar's daughter makes good.'"

Bob, his head hidden in the shadows above the mantelpiece, continued to watch Chloe.

"Warmer now?" he asked.

"You're being terribly professional about me, Bob," she said. "I'm feeling quite delicate and interesting."

"I'm saving myself trouble," he said. "I'd hate to have to come here and shake thermometers."

"Well, I must be off," said the vicar struggling violently with his muffler. "I suppose you aren't going down into the village, Bob, are you? I'd appreciate a lift."

"Yes, I'm going to see old Isaacs. I've just come from there, but I promised to look in again."

"Come back to supper," invited Chloe. "It's only potatoes in their

Illustrated

by

DES. CONDON



Peterhouse watched from the landing as Chloe hurried down the stairs with her partner.

jackets stuffed with mince, though."

"May I?"

Rolf raised amused eyebrows. "Is all this politeness because young Chloe has been invited to the Castle?"

"No, it's in spite of it!" said Bob. "And on the night, Chloe, you can count on me taking you there and back."

"Oh, Bob, will you?"

"Our minds are relieved!" said Rolf. "We were just thinking it would let the old family prestige down a whole lot if our Chloe had to peg up the Castle drive on her old push-bike."

"She could always borrow old Bushey's funeral cab," said Clem irreverently.

"As it is, with the doctor ticket off the windscreen, and Bob obligingly wearing a peaked cap, it might almost seem as if we'd blossomed out into a chauffeur."

"Almost, but not quite!" said Chloe. Next day she plucked up sufficient courage to lay out the pattern on the rose shot silk.

"I mustn't, I simply mustn't spoil it!" she kept on whispering to herself as she cut the material.

Hannah, tall, gaunt, acid-tongued, and completely faithful, came in to consult her about a pudding for lunch.

"You're going to waste a whole lot of stuff in the skirt," said Hannah, disapprovingly. "You could cut it

out of half that, and make a new set of cushion covers for the drawing-room into the bargain."

"It's the skirt which is going to save me," said Chloe. "I can get that right, but the bodice, Hannah, the bodice. What shall I do if that looks home-made?"

"Put a bit of ruching round it," said Hannah. "There's nothing like ruching." But in spite of her critical attitude Hannah was very helpful while the frock was being made.

Sometimes Clem came in to hear how the serial was getting on, and sat silently convulsed out of Hannah's sight. And all the time the rose silk rustled and glowed and shone, growing like a gigantic jewelled flower under Chloe's hands. But its creation kept her full of excited anticipation, and finally brought her starry-eyed and flushed to the evening of the dance.

Hannah, in spite of protests, had insisted on lighting a fire in Chloe's room for her to dress by, and for once Chloe could imagine herself as inhabiting one of her own dreams, with warm firelight transforming her room into a shadowy, luxurious cave, and a dress, shimmering and lovely as a dream, spread on the bed.

"Well, I must say you done this a treat," said Hannah, when finally she had fastened the straps which held the dress over Chloe's shoulders. The skirt belled out from Chloe's tiny waist, falling in rhythmic, perfect folds.

"It is nice, it is!" breathed Chloe, thankfully.

"Bob's here!" said Clem, putting his head round the door. "Jove, you look all right, sister! If the Careys had done me the inestimable honor

of inviting me I'd have spared you a dance!"

This from young Clem was a good deal, and when Chloe, three minutes later, ran down the shallow oak stairs with all that miraculous color glowing and shimmering about her, the rest of the family were equally impressed. Rolf said something about fine feathers, but his eyes glowed with affectionate admiration. Her father kissed her gently. "You look very pretty, my child," he said. "Make the most of it."

Only Bob, standing in the shadow by the door, waiting for her, said nothing. Indeed, he said very little to her even when he had tucked her carefully into his car, and they were moving away together in a small intimate world shut in by the noise of the engine and the solid darkness outside.

But Chloe, knowing him too well to be embarrassed by his silence, or to wonder at it, was wrapped in the warmth of her dreams. Only when they were driving through the ink-blackness of the avenue of beeches leading to the Castle did one chilly doubt pierce the rosy glow which seemed to hang about her.

"Oh, Bob," she said, "wouldn't it be awful if nobody, nobody wanted to dance with me at all, and I had to spend the evening going to the cloakroom to powder my nose?"

Please turn to page 10

CHURCHILL'S DASHING DAUGHTERS



Diana Churchill's eldest daughter, executive officer of Wrens, wife of Duncan Sandys, M.P., and mother of two children.

All three inherit the family wit, grit, and beauty

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

In an air raid the other day Mary Churchill, Winston's debutante daughter, threw herself from a moving underground train to avoid being crushed by a tunnel, then got up, dusted her skirt, and went nonchalantly on to her destination as if nothing had happened.

It was the Churchill bulldog spirit showing up again. Each of the Prime Minister's three dashing daughters has something of the adventurous spirit of her father. Like him they have the flair for doing dashing and unexpected things with the utmost coolness.

FROM the time Churchill was a schoolboy at Harrow—where they still display the birch frequently used in attempts to curb him—he has displayed an appetite for adventure and a fine disregard for consequences. So have his daughters.

They have inherited this fearlessness and show a strong inclination to avoid the humdrum, conventional ways of life and love giving people surprises.

The eldest daughter, Diana, is golden-haired with large blue eyes and a dazzling complexion.

Most days you'll find her at work in her job as an executive officer of the Wrens.

In 1932 it seemed that Diana was destined to settle down to the usual life of a smart young society matron, for she married John Bailey, eldest son of a South African millionaire.

But unlimited riches and nothing to do didn't suit this energetic young woman, and the marriage soon went awry.

To help her forget and to find an outlet for her energies she turned to politics, always an absorbing and satisfying interest to women of her family. Like Winston, she enjoys the din of battle.

She threw herself into the exciting business of fighting her brother Randolph's cause against that of Duncan Sandys in a Lambeth election.

Then, with a truly Churchillian flair for the unexpected, she fell in love with her brother's successful opponent and married him, at the same time converting Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P., into one of her father's most fervent admirers.

She is now the mother of a son and a daughter, and between energetic war duties, where she exhibits the family drive in getting things

done, manages to be happily domestic.

The second daughter is Sarah, inheritor of her father's wit, the family red hair—and the family fire.

She was named after her sensational ancestress, the first Duchess of Marlborough, but her turbulent hair, fiery green eyes and perfect features would make her outstanding in her generation even if there were no family history, past and present, to attract attention.

Family opposed

SARAH'S the one who has fought family opposition.

When she first announced that she wanted a stage career, the family was somewhat disturbed. After all, debutantes closely allied to ducal houses don't often take to the footlights.

Privately, her parents didn't take these ambitions very seriously. They thought this was a passing craze that couldn't last, and wisely let



MRS. VIC OLIVER, Churchill's daughter Sarah, in one of her stage costumes.



Sarah Second daughter of the Churchills, successful stage and radio star, wife of Vic Oliver, comedian and night-club comper.

her have her own way. Winston probably recalled some of his own early adventures.

Contrary to their expectations, Sarah became a most successful actress.

She was just beginning to attract serious attention in the theatrical world when she threw a bigger and better bombshell into the family circle by running off to America to marry famous comedian Vic Oliver.

The note she left behind caused the family to send her brother Randolph after her the next day on the Queen Mary.

Randolph's job was to stop her doing anything reckless and sudden, but Winston must have known that no daughter of his could be easily persuaded from any course she had decided upon.

Sure enough, Randolph found Sarah knew her own mind, and he came home alone, while Sarah remained to become Mrs. Vic Oliver.

When she came back to London she brought her husband to receive the family blessing, then calmly went on to become also a first-rate actress and radio star.

Her husband continued being a witty and accomplished comper and singer of the night clubs and cabarets.

The Olivers have no family, but before the war they had a home full of pets, including cats, dogs, canaries and budgerigars.

These are now housed at the Churchill home at Westerham, Kent, where the youngest daughter, debutante fair-haired Mary, spends part of her time attending them.

Meanwhile, like many others, the Olivers have adopted an animal from the Zoo, making themselves responsible for its upkeep for the duration.

They took a lion cub, which Sarah visits almost every Sunday afternoon.

The third daughter is Mary, lovely young debutante not yet eighteen, who, but for the war, would now be in all the fluster and excitement of her first big London season.

She has a poise and grace many older women envy. She has her father's courage and the family beauty, including the magnificent dark eyes of her grandmother, Lady Randolph Churchill.

With her honey-colored hair, these would certainly have helped to make her the outstanding debutante of the season.

Instead, Mary works—hard. During the recent harvesting she joined the Land Army, and toiled in the fields of the Midlands. At Westerham she practically runs the small farm on the estate, and keeps rabbits, chickens and a small Welsh terrier, Taffy.

In addition to her farming Mary helps her mother in such wartime entertaining as is necessary for the occupants of Number 10, and so divides her time between Westerham and Downing Street.

Mary is too young to have a history, but she promises to make some.

These three should have a fourth sister, for in November, 1918, there was born to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill a daughter who, at the age of two, died tragically from a throat infection.

She was named Marigold, though Mr. Churchill wanted to call her Mercy.



Mary Not yet eighteen, gave up her debutante year to work as Land Girl and help her mother.



Don't go out without a little MISCHIEF!

A touch of "Mischief" adds an air of charming chic to your outfit . . . whether you're dressed for work or "stepping out". This gay, sophisticated fragrance has a most unusual attraction and it always keeps its first, intriguing freshness on furs, frocks, undies or hankies.



SAVILLE'S

Mischief

Trial Size 2/6
Also in Smart
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THE ROMANTIC PERFUME
THAT IS ALWAYS FRESH

In swagger black
and silver flasks
5/9, 10/9,
21/6.

There is so much useful work
I can do there

Nurses have to have injections for



Perhaps when I go back it will be "all the same other time," which in English means that no guns will bombard us or planes drop bombs... But I'm going back, no matter what happens.

EXTRA COPIES
Write to the address on coupon for copies, and enclose stamped addressed envelope.

* Competitors over 60 years and under 16 years of age, please state age on coupon.



ENGLAND'S FRONT LINE. Her coastal towns like this one house many soldiers, among them units of the A.I.F.



A.I.F. WAVES to a welcoming populace. They have just moved into luxurious winter billets.

A.I.F. moves into billets de luxe

Central heating and hot tubs for Diggers in England

By beam wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

"Is this a war—or what?"

That's what the lads of the A.I.F. in England are asking as they settle into their new luxurious winter quarters in the front line of England's defences.

They're pressing buttons for hotel service or being waited on by kindly housewives, luxuriating in the joys of hot and cold water and central heating, and generally having a spell of soldiering de luxe.

Every group claims to have found the best spot in all England.

I WENT along to see them in the flats, cottages, hotels and super huts where they are sleeping on spring mattresses with four blankets each and a sheet for the first time since joining up.

The list of comforts and conveniences to their hands reads more like a home-from-home holiday resort advertisement than a barracks or billets.

The crisp autumn air had a tang of salt and the countryside was carpeted with autumn leaves as Driver George Jones, from Erskineville, N.S.W., drove me from one village cottage to another.

Everywhere I found the Diggers much sprucer, for all are now able to take a hot bath daily, and to stand up to shave and use a hair-brush instead of crouching in a tent before a diminutive glass.

A lieutenant-colonel from Brisbane took me over the centrally-heated, strong wooden huts, reminiscent of Canadian log-cabins.

Inside were rows of wire stretchers with mattresses, sheets, blankets that looked most comfortable. Beside each bed was a neat wardrobe with plenty of hanging space and drawers.

Freshly painted green and white inside, the log huts looked like a holiday camp.

Log fires

ADJOINING and linked by heated corridors were bath and shower rooms, with hot and cold water.

Other huts connecting with these were warm and cheerful, with enormous log fires in the centre.

I crossed to the kitchen of an anti-tank unit to find Gunner Max Coogan, of Launceston, Tasmania, and Gunner Arnold Chapman, of Townsville, Queensland, in charge.

"We cook everything by steam," said Coogan, as he turned the wheel that swung out the doors of a monster oven wherein steamed pudding, vegetables and meat in lined containers, all cooking together.

"This is a hundred per cent. better than boiling food, for all the vitamins are retained."

He showed a flat cooker with a huge tray set over hot water.

"We cook enough cabbage for a hundred on that tray," he said.

"Steam comes up through the holes

and it's the most delicious cabbage you ever tasted."

Then I saw a mincer which turns thirty pounds of meat into mince in ten minutes, "and all by pressing a button."

Homely scenes

THE soldiers billeted in private homes assured me they were best off, for English housewives, though at first rather frightened they'd be unable to cope with the "Wild Australians," have now taken them to their hearts.

Lieutenant Joshua and I walked down a quiet street, where, behind neatly-curtained windows, were Australian figures like members of the family helping with the children or the washing-up, or talking to the "old man" who'd just returned from work.

Here and there a soldier and the family of his adoption were at the garden gate talking with the neighbour. At Rose Cottage, Private Jim Power, from Broken Hill, N.S.W., was giving Mrs. Newman a hand by looking after two-year-old Michael.

"I wouldn't swap my billet for a king's palace," Power said. "The only trouble is that Mrs. Newman won't let me help round the house and garden. She says we've enough to do to defend England."

A few doors away Mrs. Phillips, who has two sons in the British Army, cannot do enough for Lance-corporal Roy Cruikshank, from Victoria.

"All my laundry and mending were done before I could stop her," said the lance-corporal. "There's always morning tea and a big supper for me."

There is a romance blossoming for the pretty eighteen-year-old daughter of one house and a tall, handsome Digger billeted there. They have already been to a local dance.

If it's a question of "asking father," it looks like father won't say "No," for he's an old soldier who fought side by side with the Anzacs.

Behind colorful inn signs, Diggers who are billeted in local hotels ask each other, "Is this a war—or what?" Hotel-keepers billeting soldiers are giving first-class accommodation, and sometimes the use of a car.

Lance-corporal Digby, from Victoria, and Lance-corporal Selton, from the Northern Territory, say: "Everything we want we get by pressing a bell—shaving water, pots of extra cocoa, soap, razor-blades."

"We reckon we're the luckiest blokes in the army to get in here."

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS...

FOUR drivers of the transport section challenge any members of the A.I.F. to claim better digs than theirs in England. They are housed in an old country mansion covered with Virginia creeper.

"I saw what Australian versatility could do with an empty house," wrote our correspondent. "Lance-corporal W. E. Rogers, from Northbridge, N.S.W., and Corporal W. B. Beckingham, from Dulwich Hill, N.S.W., Driver A. V. Bruce, of Melbourne, and Driver M. T. Pascall, of Adelaide, had made the cosiest bed-sitting-room of their quarters."

"They were roasting chestnuts in front of the fire when I arrived accompanied by Captain Charles Costello, of Melbourne."

"The captain and I sat before the fire on arm-chairs which, to quote the Diggers themselves, had been 'scrounged.' Also 'scrounged' were curtains of red-and-white chintz, vases now filled with autumn-leaves, Oriental rugs, table, cupboards, and wireless."

"Sergeant-Major R. D. Anderson showed me the green-tiled bathroom with sunken bath, the electric kitchen, the verandah furnished with deck chairs, contrasting them with camps of 1914-18 when he was an Anzac."

"Things certainly have changed for the army of to-day," he said."



CHILDREN watch for raiders. They are great "Cobbers" with the Diggers.



Take this short-cut when you clean the bath

Maybe you wonder why you see Bon Ami in so many baths. Just try it on your own bath. You'll find Bon Ami is fast—saves you time. It's thorough—saves you work. And it's not gritty. This means it rinses away completely, leaves no sediment and—instead of scratching—gives the bath a high, gleaming polish.

Bon Ami
cleans quickly
and easily



"hasn't scratched yet!"

Come to the Ball

Continued from page 6

"PEOPLE will want to dance with you all right, you see," said Bob, the comfort of his voice tinged with grimace. She went into the Castle upheld and stimulated by it.

And it seemed from the first that her dream was to have substance in it, for nothing happened the whole night through which was not washed over by the essence of enchantment.

There were the Carey girls, friendly, eager, drawing her into a warm circle of companionableness.

"You mustn't mind, Chloe, if you get danced off your feet. We've found it awfully hard to get enough girls, and there are all these Civil Service men who've been evacuated on to us. And my dear, what a heavenly frock!"

That was what Chloe wanted—the casual glance of equality, the taking for granted that somehow she had managed to rattle up a heavenly frock. The utter remoteness of the possibility that she had made it herself.

The ballroom, pulsating with light and music, seemed full of men, and in a few minutes she found her programme full.

"No extras, you can't dance extras, you know," shouted a young naval man to Chloe's first partner.

"That's what he thinks!" murmured the man into Chloe's ear.

Chloe's body felt light, so light that it seemed quite credible that it would float off the ground. She thought she would like to go on dancing for ever. It was not until after the third dance that she met Adrian Peterhouse, not until her partner was taking her to get a drink that she found herself being introduced. His name, she discovered, was Adrian Peterhouse.

"Every time I go to a dance, I dream of a moment like this," he said in a low voice that only she could hear. "A moment when I will look down and think: 'Why, she's here, the girl I've been wanting to dance with all my life!'"

Chloe smiled shyly. Her last partner was obviously very taken up with Miss Peterhouse, so she drifted off with Adrian.

"I don't think you can have been waiting all this time," she said.

"Why, do I look old?" he grimaced. "Oh, no, no! I shouldn't think you are much older than me, are you?"

"I think I may be, just a little," he said gravely. "That is unless you are over thirty."

"Oh, actually I'm not quite twenty," said Chloe, thinking that was a miserably gauche age to be.

"This floor is abominably crowded, isn't it?" he said. "Shall we sit out the rest of the dance, and then you can tell me about yourself?"

It was incredible, Chloe thought three minutes later, that anybody could be so interested in her, right off, as Adrian Peterhouse seemed to be. They found two chairs, shaded by apricot lights, up on the second landings, and the music from the ballroom came wafting up to them in soft, pulsating waves.

He was not one of the Civil Service men, he told her, he was something to do with Scotland Yard, home on a week's holiday. This was a heady, exciting change from Father and the boys, who took her so completely for granted that sometimes she felt she had no personality at all. Now she knew she had.

"You look after your father and brothers?" he said slowly. "Surely that's wrong, all wrong?"

"Why?" asked Chloe. "I'm awfully happy."

"But you shouldn't have to look after anybody! You should spend your time dancing and laughing and playing!"

"Oh, but people don't!" said Chloe, laughing. "Everybody has some sort of job."

"Your job should be just to be yourself," he murmured. "Surely you don't ask more of a portrait than that it should have skin of rose and cream, eyes like wall-flowers after a shower, and a frock of flame and rose."

At this point Chloe's next partner pounced on them. He was younger than Mr. Peterhouse, more like Clem.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but this is my dance!"

Chloe felt guilty, but her partner didn't. He smiled and said quietly: "Until two dances later then!"

The boy said quickly to Chloe: "Would you mind hurrying? This is the crack waltz of the evening and we've missed nearly a third of it."

So they hurried, laughing, down two flights of stairs, Chloe's skirt flying like a sunset-colored cloud about her ankles. Near the foot of the stairs she glanced up and saw Peterhouse watching her, his eyes smiling and ardent.

The boy swept her into the waltz, and she loved it all the more because of what had gone before and what was still to come, two dances ahead, when she would be with Adrian Peterhouse again.

She danced with him twice more that night and during the second they went out on to the Castle terrace.

"You're not going to disappear after to-night, are you?" he said, as they paced slowly up and down. "I couldn't bear that, you know. I've got another five days here before I

go back to Town, and you must let me see you again. Can you have lunch with me to-morrow? Then we can drive afterwards. And to-night you must let me take you home. There must be all I can squeeze out of to-night. I'm not going to let it end until I must."

They stopped in the deep shadow of a magnolia tree. Chloe's face was pale as she looked up at him. She had not imagined that it could hurt like this, the thought of parting, if only for a few hours, from somebody she had only just met. And yet she did feel bereft and lost already.

"I'm sorry you can't take me home," she said. "Somebody is coming for me!"

"One of your brothers?"

"No, though he's almost like one. I've known him since we were babies!"

"I suppose he's desperately in love with you?"

"Oh, no!" Chloe's laugh rang out. "He isn't! We're more like brother and sister. He would be terribly amused at the idea!"

"I wonder," said Adrian Peterhouse. He took her hand and held it closely between both his. "I suppose you understand, little beautiful Chloe, just how things happen nowadays—how swiftly they have to happen? Can you guess how quickly life changed for me when I saw you to-night?"

"It changed for me too," said Chloe, on a sigh.

He bent and kissed her, a swift determined kiss which took her by surprise.

She was still in the glow of it, twenty minutes later, when he took her to find Bob's car at three o'clock in the morning. He stood, very tall and handsome, on the steps, watching her being installed in Bob's two-seater, and then at the last moment put his hand through to her.

"YOU will come to-morrow, won't you?" he murmured.

"Of course!" said Chloe.

Bob started the car.

"Sorry," he said. "I thought you'd finished!"

Chloe glanced at him. His voice sounded weary.

"Oh, Bob," she said softly. "It is beastly of me to have brought you out to-night!"

"You haven't," he said. "I had to be out in any case. Mrs. Stevens down on the Dyke Road is very ill. I'll have to call there on the way home. I hope you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind, but, Bob, don't you ever get a night's sleep?"

"Sometimes," he said.

"Oh, I wish you didn't have to work so hard!"

"Why all this worry about me? His voice was light, friendly. "I don't remember it happening before!"

"I suppose it's just because I've had such a lovely time," said Chloe. "I hate to think of you working away all the time I was dancing."

"So you had a really good time?" said Bob, and Chloe was too wrapped in her own personal joy to hear the effort he made to speak cheerfully.

"I gathered you had, of course. You danced with the fellow I saw a great deal, I suppose."

"Oh, a lot! Bob, he's so—"

"Sorry," he said, "here's Mrs. Stevens' house. I won't be longer than I can possibly help. Are you warm enough?"

"Perfect!" said Chloe, snuggling under the rugs.

It seemed incredible to think that in the little house beyond the dark humped hedge somebody was struggling between life and death.

When at last Bob came out she asked him eagerly:

"Is she better?" It seemed terribly important that she should be. But Bob shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "I've done all I possibly can, and I don't expect her to live till morning. How I hate to lose a patient!"

"Oh, I know. I know you do!"

She spoke with an eager rush of sympathy, but he was not to be comforted. His voice when he spoke to her between then and reaching home was flat and desolate. When they parted at the Vicarage door he said to her gently:

"I'm so glad you've had a good time to-night. I wanted you to, very much. You needed it!"

She went upstairs feeling a little worried and disturbed. She found out she hated Bob having anything

wrong. The thought of him, tired and discouraged, clouded her dreams of Adrian.

But this tiny cloud was swept away next day when a box of roses arrived from Adrian.

Chloe had had great difficulty in deciding what to wear for lunch that day. Finally she had decided to stick to the one decently tailored suit she possessed. It was a pity she had to cycle into Brackley, but somehow she would have to tidy before meeting Adrian. He wasn't the type of man to admire windblown hair.

But he did admire her, and that was intoxicating, rapturous enough for one day.

They sat at a secluded table for lunch, and he sat with his back to the rest of the room looking at her. His eyes, demanding, inescapable, made the color flood into her cheeks.

"You mustn't mind me telling you with every course how beautiful you are!" he said. "You must dance with me once more in that wonderful frock before I go away. Remember, all I'll have to keep me going when I'm back to the daily grind will be the memories of these days. I've got to make sure you don't forget me. Will you forget me, will you, Chloe?"

"You know I won't!" said Chloe. "I won't—ever."

Next day they could not meet, he could not get away until late evening, but they arranged to meet for lunch again on the following day.

Once more she cycled into Brackley to meet him, but there was no sunlight to-day, and a biting wind. She had to spend a good deal longer on the repairing process before she went to their table. She expected him to be already there, but he was not. After waiting twenty minutes she went out into the street to see if she could see him.

Almost immediately she saw him.

He was on the other side of the street just getting into a car at whose wheel sat the sort of woman Chloe most admired: assured, poised, beautiful, in perfect, unobtrusive clothes. The car had just begun to move when Adrian Peterhouse saw Chloe standing in the restaurant doorway, and in the second while their eyes met Chloe knew. Knew once and for all the simple, inescapable truth.

He had forgotten her. That was all. He had quite forgotten he was to lunch with her.

Cycling home again, against a driving wind, she could not control her tears. They began to pour down her cheeks, so that she could hardly see.

SOON she nearly wobbled into a passing car, and the owner of it drew up ahead of her and got out. She was going to pass him when he spoke, and she saw it was Bob.

"You can't cycle and cry at the same time," he said. "You really mustn't. I'll sling your bike across the dickey and drive you."

She was too worn out to resist, and in any case Bob was the sort of person you could cry with if absolutely necessary, and now it was necessary, because she could not stop.

"He forgot me!" she found herself choking at last into the companionable silence between them. "He just forgot he was going to meet me, that's all!"

"Did he make love to you before?" asked Bob, and his voice was almost detached and quiet.

Chloe nodded, tears still streaming down her cheeks.

"And he kissed you too, I suppose?" If anything Bob's voice was even more detached than before!

"Yes," whispered Chloe.

In a minute or two she was aware that the car was slowing, and Bob got out.

"Are you making a call here?" she asked.

"No, I'm not making a call, I'm taking you for a walk," he said, and something new in his voice made her look up, and she saw they were on a lonely stretch of road with no houses in sight and an arch of leafless trees joining the two hedges. She got out and stood looking up at him, till he turned and grasped her by the shoulders.

"When he kissed you," he asked, "did he kiss you like this?"

For a moment she looked into his eyes and saw somebody unfamiliar. Somebody ardent and transformed.

"Did he?" he asked again. "Did he?"

Shaken, bewildered, swept into a world she had never even glimpsed before, Chloe could only shake her head, her eyes still on his.

"I've always loved you, I think," he said, "but I didn't want to bother you with it until you were ready. You've always seemed so little and young and at the mercy of things. It was only when I saw you crying because a man you had only just met had done something to you I could never do in a million years that I felt I had to tell you. Oh, Chloe, my sweet—"

He put his arms about her, his head on her shoulder. Staring out over his head at a cold and wintry world, Chloe suddenly had a vision of flowering, a spring of unimaginable sweetness to come.

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CUP FAVORITES: Vivid florals, gay little hats



EVE SHEEDY, hoping for warm weather during the Cup carnival, has chosen a tailored white ribbed crepe frock, shady black straw hat banded with crisp white plique. Her large envelope handbag, gloves, and sandals are all-white. Eve motored from Sydney, and is staying at Chevron, St. Kilda Road.



BETTY INCE'S Cup frock is in printed silk, blues and cyclamens predominating, and old-fashioned ruchings decorating the bodice and sleeves. Her fetching rough straw hat and all accessories are natural color. This season, florals are more brilliant and more popular than ever.



MARJORIE DAVIS looks charming in her glamor version of an old-time motoring hat and veil.



THE BEVAN SISTERS, who formerly lived in Melbourne, have accompanied their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bevan, from Sydney. Ann (left) is wearing a grey plaid frock and a grey topper. Maybery chooses a dishcloth linen suit with a toque of fur poised above ribbon tails. Smart brown accessories complete her cool ensemble.



PADDY WILKINSON goes Edwardian in navy suit and royal-blue-and-white spotted blouse. Flowerpot-shaped navy straw hat. Penelope Little chooses cherry-red accordion-pleated frock, white panama banded in red, and white accessories.



SEVERELY SMART black felt toque with a drift of veiling for Mrs. Herbert Douglass, of Sydney, to complete her vivid printed satin jersey frock, which is an American adaptation of an Alix model. The high-necked bodice is finely pleated.



ROSEMARY WRIGHT brought her Cup wear back from America. A pale pink black-spotted frock trimmed with tiny kiltie. Her sister, Mrs. Ron Marriott, adds pale blue accents to navy crepe.



ALWAYS one of our smartest dressers, Mrs. Henry Rosenthal in her Norman Hartnell model of severely-cut airforce-blue woollen, and chic hat and handbag of white quilted satin.

Just Sit Still

Continued from page 3

"I've always been poor, haven't I?" said Nan, smiling at her gently. "As far as the rain-bows go—that's what I want him to do, Judith. Besides, you can't tell—he may do something very wonderful. Of course I think he will."

Judith didn't even try to listen. She didn't want to and she knew that she couldn't understand what Nan was talking about.

Nan was clever, but she was so unfortunate. It had been on the books for Nan, she supposed, to spend her life slaving for an absent-minded scientist.

Judith couldn't sleep that night. She kept seeing Nan's lovely shining face, kept hearing the note of rapture in her voice. With the first light of morning, for just a moment fear rose in Judith's heart. What if they were right and she was wrong? What if Nan was going to be radiantly happy? What if Chalmers married Eleanor after all? But with the full coming of day Judith's ideas turned to normal.

Eleanor was right. What Judith needed was a love affair. She regretted a little now that she wouldn't go "steady" with Carmichael when he wanted her to do so last year. Now Carmichael was engaged.

But the instinct of self-preservation was awake in Judith and she made a special effort to be pleasant to the girls with whom she had lived for four years. She offered to do a tedious job or two in connection with spring rushing and did the jobs well, and, as all too frequently happens, the unusualness of her efforts brought her more credit than she deserved. Also she cultivated under-graduates and got numerous invitations for house parties and dances. Judith enjoyed it. It restored her self-confidence, restored her belief in her own luck, which had never failed her yet.

And her luck held true. For quite unexpectedly at a party she had attended as a matter of duty she saw the lad who had pulled Eleanor's

car out of the ditch four springs ago. Judith smiled at him. He was at her side in a moment.

"How's your luck?" he asked her and she said, "It is excellent—what do you think?"

He laughed with the same pleasure he had shown so frankly that bright spring day.

"Certainly there's nothing wrong with mine," he said. It developed that his name was Tom Arnold, that he was doing post-graduate work in education and acting as secretary to the dean of the School of Education. He was to be on the faculty the next year! His pleasant drawing voice said things to Judith that his words didn't say. His eyes lighted up with his pleasure. Judith knew that look, and it left her transformed, thinking of him.

He asked to meet her that night. Judith refused. She would have liked to but she knew better.

Judith liked him tremendously. He just suited her, she thought. On acquaintance it developed that he had a little money of his own, that he was ambitious to become an educator who was something more than a schoolteacher. He had ideas about education. He had intelligence, character and breeding. He had a knack of getting along with people, was familiar with a world beyond Judith's experience.

The first time he kissed her Judith was more moved than she liked to admit to herself. There was something very definite about this pleasant-mannered young man. But she had no intention of becoming enslaved, helpless, as Eleanor was, as other girls she had seen. Tom Arnold's amused assumption that nothing was worth taking too seriously suited her.

It was a great delight to Judith that Tom Arnold remembered Nan and was drawn to her when Judith arranged for them to meet.

"She's marvellous," Tom said. Judith knew a great relief. She had been a little afraid—she hardly

knew of what. Not that Tom was a snob—but still! Nan had worn a simple dress—an old one, Judith knew—but it suited her. And Nan's lovely head, her face with its capacity for tragedy, for greatness, had fired Tom's real admiration.

"We've been friends since we were children," Judith told him. "There's no one like Nan. I'm so glad you like her."

"Who wouldn't?" said Tom. "I've heard of her. You know, she's famous in a way. There's not another student at the university so admired by the faculty. She's engaged to Al Foster, the physics shark, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Judith shortly. "I've another old friend here I want you

to know—she's on the Student Daily. It was her car that day—you remember. We three have clung together all this time."

"If you mean Eleanor Whiting, I know her," Tom said. "Though I didn't connect her with the ditched car. She's a grand person. Chalmers is a fraternity brother of mine, you know." Judith wondered if things were more settled between Chalmers and Eleanor than she knew. She had an odd feeling that Nan and Eleanor had increased her prestige with Tom and she didn't exactly like that or understand it, but she let it alone.

He grinned at Judith unexpectedly, said, "Have you seen to-day's copy of the Student Daily? If Eleanor's a friend of yours, you ought to be interested. There will be a regular row over it."

"Why, no, I haven't seen it. What's the matter?"

"Chalmers has gone off the deep end. It's this row between the student council and the faculty about the senior honor societies. Chalmers claims that the lists are not the faculty's business. You know Dean Andres' son was practically pushed into star rank by his father. Chalmers says so in black and white and says young Andres does not rate star rank. The dean will get him for it. Of course, most of the faculty are disinterested, but Andres and Gilden and one or two others would like to make a political football of the university. They know how to get appropriations. It gives them a certain power, makes them think they can do as they like—even with honors—and everyone must accept it."

"Chalmers is a fool," said Judith. "He's spoiled—he's had his way too much. What good will it do him to make the dean mad?"

"It might give him some satisfaction," Tom laughed. "And he is right!" But Judith could see that he thought it was all ridiculous.

JUDITH said no more about it but she was not surprised when she got back to her house to find Eleanor there. Judith's room-mate, Lucy, was on the student council and they were waiting for Judith. Eleanor was pale and distraught.

"Chalmers has been expelled," Eleanor said. "The student council has to do something about it. There's to be a meeting to-morrow. We have a petition here that all the seniors are signing. 'Every senior in the house has signed it, Judith, but you.'"

"Can't you just sit still and wait?" asked Judith. "Can't you let the thing work out? Be a little patient."

"No, I can't just sit still and wait," said Eleanor, her temper flaring. "The whole staff of the Daily quit to-day. Dean Andres is trying to put in a new staff, but he won't be able to do it. Chalmers is too popular. Anyhow, if we show a solid front the faculty will back us. Most of them hate Dean Andres and his clique. If you won't do it for me, or for the right, do it for Nan. Foster is science editor of the Daily—he writes a column every Friday. He says if they expel Chalmers he'll leave, too."

"Foster will leave? But he wouldn't get the Dryden Fellowship then. He can't do that to Nan. He has to graduate."

"Don't you see?" said Lucy. "They can't displace the whole senior class. We can force Chalmers on them if we stick together. Dean Andres can't stand the unfavorable publicity that would flare up. The opposition newspapers would eat this up. Look, Judith, it's a matter of principle. Are the senior honor societies to be political plums for certain members of the faculty to distribute to their pets? There's been too much of that in this and other universities. And, anyhow, you're in this fight. The chapter had a meeting while you were out and you and I are on the committee to protest at the meeting to-morrow. There are to be ten from Panhellenic and we're two of them."

Please turn to page 16

Animal Antics



"Now, that's more like it, Winston. Hold that smile!"

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By J. P. Marquand

Illustrated by WEP



Mr. Javres was on his feet when Leonard fired a second time.

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS

DR. LEONARD BIRCH, a brilliant entomologist, and his pretty, young wife, WINIFRED, have been caught up unwittingly in the grim toils of international intrigue.

They set sail aboard the cruise ship *Erikonig* for the Republic of Chica, in South America, where Leonard was to carry out important scientific research; but two enemy agents, MR. AWARA, a Japanese, and a German, ADOLPH WAGNER, were convinced that his mission was really political, and in conjunction with NERA BAILEY, the cruise hostess, they made several attempts on his life.

Meanwhile ODIN TWEEDSBURY, a British Secret Service man, died mysteriously on board, but before his death he gave Leonard a letter warning him that Awara and Wagner are working to overthrow General Prisco, Chica's Dictator, and make the Republic an Axis base.

He appeals to Leonard to leave the ship at Curacao, its first stop, and, maintaining strict secrecy, to see MR. JAVRES at Cohen's Bazaar, and through him go by boat to Chica and warn Prisco of the plot.

At Curacao Leonard foils the efforts of Awara and Nera Bailey to stay with Winnie and himself by drugging them. He succeeds in reaching Cohen's Bazaar with Winnie, and that night Mr. Javres takes them aboard a sailing vessel with two native boys as crew.

Before long, however, Javres announces to Leonard and Winnie that he betrayed them to Mr. Wagner, who bribed him handsomely to do away with them at sea. Covering them with a revolver, he asks how much it is worth to spare their lives.

NOW READ ON:

YOU mean you are going to sell out again?" said Leonard. "It seems a little hard to keep up with you, Mr. Javres."

"You can trust me," said Mr. Javres. "If you pay enough."

Leonard glanced towards the tiller, where both the crew were sitting, watching. Winnie's mouth had fallen open. "I suppose you have a sum in mind?" Leonard said.

"Yes," said Mr. Javres. "Shall we discuss a sum in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars?"

Leonard drew a deep breath and stared at Mr. Javres, while the light moved back and forth across his face. He tried to arrive at a conclusion coolly, as his right hand gripped the pistol in his pocket. It seemed to him that there was only one thing to do, only a single possible solution.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't see how I can trust you, Mr. Javres," and

he pulled the pistol out of his pocket and fired.

Mr. Javres was on his feet, when Leonard fired a second time, but at the second shot he pitched forward to the bottom of the boat, and Leonard turned towards the stern.

"Be quiet, boys," he called. "Winnie, can you do what I tell you?"

"Yes," Winnie said.

"Pick up that man's revolver and point it at those boys. Call me if either of them moves. I want to see if Mr. Javres is alive. I'm very sorry, Winnie. It seemed the only thing to do."

He had been prepared to feel a spasm of remorse, but instead, when he leaned over Mr. Javres, he had only a sense of having completed a difficult task successfully. His lack of conventional emotion disturbed him for a moment, because it seemed inhuman, and then he realised there was no reason to have much pity. Mr. Javres had been prepared to do exactly the same thing to him. In-

stead of remorse, he experienced anger. He grasped Javres by the shoulder and shook him.

"Javres," he called. "do you hear me?" Javres made no answer. Leonard called to one of the boys at the tiller.

"Fetch that lantern. Hurry." There was one thing, he could speak Spanish.

The native boy's eyes were rolling and his face looked grey.

"No trouble now," said Leonard. "Hold that lantern over him."

"Senor," the boy said. "I mean to make no trouble. Neither myself nor Pepe. We sail only for the padrone. We do only what we are told."

Leonard shook his pistol in the boy's face.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jose, sir," the boy said. "We intend nothing. We only sail the boat. The padrone asked us to take him to Chica."

"I'm the padrone now. Are you a Catholic, Jose?"

"Yes, sir," the boy said. Leonard spoke more mildly.

"If you ever reach your village," he told Jose, "you must give a very handsome present to the priest, to be expended for the poor and the unfortunate. It is just possible that you may reach your village; just possible, if you are clever and anxious to please, that I shall be gracious enough to make you a handsome present. Now, hold the lantern so I can see the unfortunate gentleman. Hold it, but do not come too near me."

Now that the light was close to Mr. Javres, Leonard saw that he was not breathing.

"Set down the lantern, boy," he said. "You may search the gentleman's pockets, Jose. I shall want the revolver cartridges and money. I should not be surprised if he has a belt of money. The money will be for you and Pepe. To divide when we get ashore. You see, I am merciful and generous. It may be a great deal of money."

Jose exhibited no scruples. He un-

strapped a belt from Mr. Javres' waist. The belt was jammed with bills and his eyes bulged at the sight of them.

Leonard took the belt and stuffed it in his pocket. "That will do," he said, speaking slowly, because he wanted to be understood beyond all question. "Now you have much to live for. You shall have the belt and bills to divide between you if you set us safe ashore. Do you understand?"

"Yes," cried Jose. "yes! Thanks, generous gentleman! Thanks, beautiful lady!"

Leonard smiled. The scene possessed its own grim elements of humor. Humor was everywhere in life, if you only had an eye for it.

VERY well," he said. "Put that lantern back." And he stepped towards the stern. "You, Pepe," he said, "I'll take that helm. Go forward and help Jose. Throw the padrone overboard."

He was surprised when Pepe spoke to him in English. "Very good, sar," Pepe said.

"Oh," said Leonard, "you speak English, do you?"

Pepe bowed and grinned.

"My actual name is Peter Smith, sar," he answered. "I am a Jamaican boy, born outside of Kingston. I got on well with English gentlemen. When I was young I was in the Boy Scout troop."

"You were what?" said Leonard.

"In the Boy Scout troop, sar," Pepe answered, "before I left home. Very privileged to meet you, sar."

A sudden desire to laugh almost caused Leonard to lose his grip, and he fought against it, because he wanted everything to be dull, perfectly dull and prosaic.

"Don't put on any airs with me, boy," he said. "I was a Boy Scout once myself and I can tie all the knots. Do your kind deed and leave the man overboard, and do it quick."

Leonard put the tiller under his left arm. He still held his pistol in his right hand, but he knew that

he controlled the situation, and that his crew would behave, now that they had seen money. He glanced up at the sails—the wind was strong and steady—and then he looked at Winnie. There was a splash and Mr. Javres was gone.

"Well," he said, "that's that. Come and stand here near me, Winnie."

She moved nearer to him, but she did not answer and he could not see her face. It suddenly came over him in swift conviction what such a scene must have meant to her.

"I'm dreadfully sorry you saw it happen," he said. "I tried to think of any other way out—that's why I kept him talking—but it was either that man or us, Winnie. Now just think of it calmly and please don't start to cry. I want those boys to think we're both hard-boiled. I want them to think that they may go next. Just try to put your mind on something else. It's all over, Winnie."

She turned towards him and put her hand on his arm. "Leonard," she said, "I'm not such a fool as that. Don't get the idea that I'm going to go to pieces. Of course it was the only thing to do."

"That's the girl," said Leonard. There was deep relief in his voice. "Just keep remembering that."

"There's just one thing," said Leonard.

"What?" he asked her.

"It's a little hard to adjust myself. Have you ever done much of this work before—shooting people up and disposing of bodies?"

"No," he said, "and if you want to know, I don't like it much."

"Well," Winnie asked him, "what are we going to do next?"

He was silent for quite a while, thinking. "We have the boat to ourselves," he said. "No one knows where we are. We can put in at some other island. There's Trinidad, for instance. We can wait there until Chica blows up if we want to, or else I can take you home."

There was a pause and she must have been thinking, too, but he could not see her face.

"Beside," he added, "you have had about enough to last you for quite a while."

"Home?" she began and stopped, and then she went on: "What do you mean, home? Would you do that if I weren't here?"

"I'm not sure," he said, "but at any rate it has nothing to do with the case."

"Do you want to go sour on everything?" she asked.

"It isn't a question of what I want," he said. "It's just plain common sense."

"You don't answer me," she said. "I'm asking if you want to?"

"No," he said, "I don't—not when I've gone as far as this—but that's only momentary exhilaration, like taking another drink when you ought to leave the party."

"Well," she said, "I don't want to either."

"What?" said Leonard. "I don't want to either," she repeated. "We've started. I'd hate it if we didn't take that drink."

"The trouble is," said Leonard, "you don't know what you're getting into."

She gave a sharp and not a very pleasant laugh. "You and Mr. Javres have given me a pretty good idea. I want to see how well you look in Chica now."

"That doesn't make sense," said Leonard.

"Perhaps I'm a little tired of things that make sense," she said. "It's the way I feel. If you leave it this way you'll never forgive me, or yourself either. And then there's that man—you killed him."

Please turn to page 32

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 9, 1940.

HOW THE A.I.F. IS FARING



THE A.I.F. has taken up winter quarters in Britain and Mother England is certainly doing our boys "proud."

The Australian Women's Weekly commissioned its London editor, Mary St. Claire, to tell us how the troops were faring, and her story on page 9 of this issue is splendidly reassuring.

Only the best for the A.I.F. is certainly the slogan in England to-day.

The men are living under ideal conditions—well fed and warmly housed.

They are happy in their own billets or as guests of English families.

Despite the fact that they are in the "invasion line" they are living in de luxe conditions—with hot water, steam cooking, and blazing log fires.

What a contrast is all this to the mud and slush of 1916 when our troops of the Great War were initiated to English winter.

Passing by the windows of a cottage, Mary St. Claire saw a tall Digger washing up for his hostess. At another place the "man of the house" and a lanky Digger were talking about Broken Hill.

One group of Diggers had furnished their billet like a modern flat with easy chairs, gay curtains, and a radio.

Pleasant pictures these for mothers, wives, and sweethearts worrying about their soldiers and how they are faring on service abroad.

In Egypt, too, the A.I.F. is being well looked after.

We have the assurance of the Prime Minister that our men in the Middle East are wonderfully fit and splendidly equipped.

It is a comforting thought that in both theatres of war they are being cared for in the best possible way.

Only the best is good enough for the A.I.F.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Sister Lorna Keys, A.I.F. nurse in England, to her mother, Mrs. C. A. Keys, in Brisbane:

"HELY-WILSON and I are in a ward together, and on night duty. As this seems to be mainly an air war you can imagine we hear lots of Fritzes.

"Occasionally when we have a quiet night we feel quite lonely without the noise of the engines and the bombs.

"Hely-Wilson and I quite enjoy it when the crockery and windows start rattling and we go in to see that the men have their bomb-proof Paris models handy.

"Once when Harland and I had a night off we went for a little picnic on bikes. Cycled to a town about four miles away, got some food, and then back to a little spot off the main road. We went through woods where heather grew in profusion. There were nut trees, oaks and blackberries.

"We picnicked beside a lake on which were swans. In the middle of our meal Fritz staged an air raid not far away.

"Later, we went for a walk to a nearby hill. Coming home we heard a nice air-battle above us—there must have been dozens of planes—but we just about danced with impatience at the clouds which ruined our grandstand view."

From Gunner B. Stretton in England to Miss J. Murray, Hawksleigh Avenue, East St. Kilda, Vic.:

"THANKS very much for the sweets, magazines and letter. That warning concerning toothache wasn't really necessary. If you knew anything about the army, you would realise that I never got enough of that toffee to produce a toothache.

"My friends took care of that—they took care of most of the toffee, too.

"I visited the village of Stretton a little while ago. I had visions of finding the place populated with Strettons, from the squire down to the village blacksmith.

"However the village has neither a squire nor a 'smithy,' and its name is a corruption of 'Street Town.' I couldn't find a Stretton in the place, not even in the ancient churchyard cemetery.

"It was rather an interesting little place, tucked away just off the Great North Road, as though everybody (including Time) passed it by, leaving it unchanged.

"It has two cobbled streets, twenty neatly-thatched stone houses, an eight-hundred-year-old church, and a school. The only modern touch was a telephone kiosk, looking incongruous beside the village pump.

"The schoolmistress told me it was a reception area for evacuees, the odds against a bomb dropping being fifteen to one.

"I thought they should have been much higher, for no one would want to bomb the village and couldn't find it if he did."

Winnie the war winner



"Should we salute him?"

From a bandsman in Egypt to his wife in Coburg, Vic.:

"KENNY and I were walking in a Cairo street one day and we could hear in the distance an unearthly row which sounded like a murder being committed.

"Then we saw coming towards us a native brass band. It was one of the funniest sights I have ever seen.

"They were just walking along the road, not marching, and I really think every one of them was playing a different tune! It sounded simply awful.

"As they walked along they bowed and stopped to yarn with some of the people on the footpath.

"I have just written a new song for you. It is: 'Send me all your love, but don't forget the canteen orders.'"

Seaman G. C. Rattray, of New Zealand, to a friend at Vaucluse, N.S.W.:

"WE are on patrol in a trawler. We do about a week out and then three days in port, which is not so bad.

"Another boy from New Zealand and myself are gun's crew, the rest of the crew being fishermen.

"We have a very easy time. All we do is look after our guns (which doesn't take long) and a few odd jobs. The rest of the time is our own.

"One of the other trawlers was doing the same work when she was blown up by a magnetic mine—so keep your fingers crossed for me."

A soldier in Palestine to his mother in Ballarat, Vic.:

"EVERYTHING that creeps and crawls seems to live in Palestine. There are millions of little lizards scurrying for cracks in the ground at every step.

"The grasshoppers have scarlet wings, and the other day we caught a chameleon. These are queer lizards.

"When we found one among the grass it was pale green with black spots, but when it walked on the ground it turned brown to match the ground. One of the boys put it on his hat and it stayed there catching flies.

"When I was in hospital I took my little chameleon with me to see if he would turn white to match the sheets, but he didn't."

A Field Ambulance driver in Egypt to his wife at Lakemba, N.S.W.:

"FRED and I saw this ourselves, coming 'home' in the train from Cairo.

"One of the boys got into the carriage and said: 'How's this? Round the world for three bob!'

"He had one of those military passes in a little case that we used to get at Ingleburn with Campbelltown, Otford, Hornsby, etc., on it. When the ticket inspector came through he just handed this to him and said: 'Military pass.'

"The inspector looked at it carefully (I doubt if he could read English), then handed it back.

"He walked away with a very puzzled look on his face, as much as to say: 'It doesn't seem to me.'"

quite right

A leading-seaman in the Australian Navy to his wife in Palmyra, W.A.:

"WEVE been doing some investigation work around some islands in the tropics. These islands are populated by a dark-skinned race.

"The scenery is very pretty, just like you read about in books—coconut trees very nearly hanging over the edge of the island, thick jungle country inland. It is hard to explain, but I wish you were here to see it.

"It would be something to remember all your life, just the beauty and peace.

"Still, for all we see, we boys like our home towns best, and would give anything to see a white man's port again."

Sister Doreen Crawford, serving with the British Red Cross in Warwickshire, to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Crawford, Brookton, W.A.:

"THE other day we were returning after lunch, and the streets were full of gossiping women and groups of men—all very excited. We wondered what was the interest until we heard someone ask: 'What were Queen like?'

"Their Majesties had been visiting centres about five miles away and had just passed back through this district.

"The bicycles are great, and yesterday—our day off—we borrowed a map from the billets and made a wide circular tour. We stopped at 5.30 and had a large tea of the most delicious pork pies. We were very amused at the waitress who said so often: 'I am sorry, but we are out of that! We became quite giggly. Anyway, we had pork pies, bread, butter, and strawberry jam, topped with cream cake, so fared very well in spite of all we could not have.'"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



ZOOFOOD'S amazing last-minute CUP VICTORY



"Won by a bite"... Jockey snatches big prize in epic finish

How the memories come surging back to me on Melbourne Cup Day!

I often wish I'd kept the Cups I won in the past, but you know how it is. I haven't a single Cup left now, what with visitors pinching them and one thing and another. I even have to drink my champagne out of the wash-basin, but I still have my memories.

THE owner-trainer's life is beset with difficulties. The actual training of the horse is fairly easy, except that you've got to get up at four o'clock in the morning, wake the horse, rug it and saddle it, drag the apprentice out of the feed-bin and get along to the track while the roosters are still snoring on their perches.

No matter how experienced an owner is he can't help feeling a bit excited on the morning of the race.

The night before the race I always used to sleep alongside my horse in order to ward off spies and urchins and eads with syringes full of dope.

Zoofood—that was the name of the horse—was a temperamental and restless animal, and it was quite a common thing for me to wake up in the night and find him sleeping on top of me.

I'd have to stay there because I didn't want to disturb his rest.

I always tried to get to the course as early as possible because the produce merchant used to come around

By
L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

waving his arms and talking about the feed bill.

Once he came early just as I was leading out Zoofood and wanted to know when I was going to pay him. A rather silly thing to ask because, as I explained to him, how did I know?

Then he had a look at Zoofood and said, "What's wrong with his off hind leg? He can't put it to the ground."

"That's where he's got an advantage over all the other horses," I explained. "Using only three legs he has a reserve of stamina left over from the other leg."

"I never thought of that," he said. "Do you think he'll be a good price?" "You'd better get in early," I said. "I won't tell you any more than that."

He winked at me and I winked back at him.

"Now don't tell the world," I said. "Think I'm a mug?" he replied. He'd temporarily forgotten about the feed bill.

I got the horse to the course (poetry) and put him in his stall. Then I had a stroll around among the members.

Triumph over adversity

IT was just then that I got the news that my jockey had suddenly developed rider's cramp, and could not take a mount. There wasn't another top-rank jockey available.

Zoofood's price blew out from two to one on to five to four against.

Tough racing men came to me and, patting me on the shoulder, said, "Tough luck, old man. What are you going to do? Don't scratch him for heaven's sake. Think of the poor working man who has invested his few shillings—not to mention us."

Poker-faced, I thought for a while, while an anxious crowd gathered. "Well," I said, "I'm overweight, but I've still got my jockey's licence. I'll ride him myself!"

You should have seen the rush to the ring! The news flew around the place and bookmakers refused to bet on Zoofood.

I sensed the tenseness as I weighed out and was legged up on Zoofood. I cantered up the course and then back to the starting post, and in all that vast assembly not a sound was heard except the thud of horses' hoofs.

"At the beginning of the year I made a vow to take Bile Beans each night. I never made a better resolution—it was well worth keeping. Thanks to Bile Beans I now have a slim figure, clear skin and radiant health."—Mrs. J. Meo.

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SHE'S as pretty as a picture, all agree. She simply can't help attracting attention with her clear skin, perfect figure and sparkling health. She keeps up to the mark—ready to tackle any job—just as you can—by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans stimulate and tone up the system and strengthen the nerves—thus improving your vitality and resistance and making you feel better in every way.

Just remember — Bile Beans will also keep your health fully equal to any demand.

Each Night She Takes

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"Lower," said His Excellency as he presented the Cup. "You're a marvel."

We were at the tape. Up went the barrier.

"They're off!" yelled the mob. I shall never forget that day.

For the first couple of furlongs we were battling for positions. I had to lean over to one side in order to counterbalance Zoofood's crook leg.

Slashing another jockey across the neck with my whip, I managed to get a run on the rails. I was running fourth.

We turned into the straight for home. I had no whip. I rode him with hands, knees and booms-a-daisy.

I was up with the leader, Carbine, a descendant of Carbine. I could feel my mount failing.

"Lend me your whip for a few seconds!" I yelled to Carbine's rider.

"No!" he shouted. "Get a whip of your own!"

I thought of all the poor people

who were listening-in to the wireless, their faces going grey with apprehension; old ladies gnawing their handkerchiefs and salesmen gripping the counter and not serving anybody and the boys crowded into the back room at the barber's shop and little typists who had drawn my horse in the office sweep and I leaned forward and BIT ZOOFOOD ON THE NECK.

Zoofood shot to the front in four bounds and we passed the post with a length to spare.

The band played "The Lambeth Walk" as I walked up to the Governor-General to receive the Cup.

"Lower," he said, "You're a marvel!"

I said, "Thank you, sir."

It was unfortunate that I couldn't attend the meeting this year. The Editor sent me last year, and having met with a bit of luck I didn't get back for three weeks. Melbourne's a nice town if you enjoy yourself.



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DPY 16

"I WON'T go,"

said Judith in instant alarm. "I want to graduate, I'm too shaky in my work to go fighting the faculty. Let's just be quiet and it will work out."

Eleanor looked at Judith with blazing scorn in her face. She picked up the petition and turned to go.

"Look," Judith implored her, "I'll sign the petition. But this business of going to a protest meeting—if you'll all just wait and let the thing—"

"Don't say that again!" cried Eleanor passionately. "I can't bear to hear you say that again. You've stalled yourself clear out of an education, out of life, out of love—and now out of friends," and she slammed out of the house.

Judith turned to try to make her position clear to Lucy but Lucy was

gone. Lucy slept in the third-floor dormitory with the under-class girls that night and left Judith severely alone. Judith was offended. Just now when things were touch and go with Tommy Arnold she did not want to get involved in any university scandal.

She didn't care who belonged to the senior honor societies. Judith knew that Arnold would think this a ridiculous business. He believed in being smooth and getting along with people. Besides, things did work out best if you let them alone.

But she was desperately unhappy. She couldn't sleep. Eleanor's indignant words rang in her ears and the fear that had touched her that early morning after she had seen Nan in her room rose now to engulf her.

Eleanor was only fighting this thing because she loved Chalmers. Well, Judith could keep out of it for the same reason—because she was in love with a man who would be amused about it all. But Nan's face haunted her. Nan's bad luck again! Oh, if she could only disarm Nan's bad luck with her good luck! If she could protect Nan, it didn't matter about the others.

She knew then that she loved Nan better than she had ever dreamed she loved her and at the same time she knew that she loved Tom Arnold and that she had never really loved any man before. The thought of alienating Tom was an intolerable thought.

Yet an idea had struck deeply into her, the idea that she could exchange her good luck for Nan's bad

Continued from page 12

luck. It was an appalling idea, but it persisted.

Maybe the professors were right, she thought grimly. Ideas, they said, were the most violent, the most compelling things in the world.

Judith rose, beside herself. Now I lay my luck aside, she thought, now I lay aside my chance to marry Tom Arnold, and I take the loop Nan has put around my good sense and hang myself with it. Nan and her physicist. What did Judith care whether Foster ever graduated, ever got his fellowship? She didn't even like him.

It was daylight and Judith took a shower and dressed. She hardened her heart. She would go to her classes and sit tight and see if it didn't work out without her interference. Tom was all that mattered to her and she would not risk him—she would not!

So she was very much astonished to hear her own voice saying to Lucy at the breakfast table, "When do we go to the meeting?"

"Nine o'clock," Lucy said. "At Decatur Hall." She looked at Judith's pale face wonderingly. She spoke more kindly.

"Have you an eight o'clock class?"

"No, but I have history of art at nine. I have no cuts left in that class but I'll go with you."

Judith was so frightened that she was almost ill by the time she got to Decatur Hall. The president of the university and the others behind the long table were a blur to her. The men's Panhellenic, the student council were on the right. "What was she doing here anyhow?" She was out of her class. Every one of the ten serious girls except herself was in one honor society or another.

She was nothing but a popular girl, the girl who had won a beauty contest junior year. She didn't amount to anything, Judith thought humbly. But she was here for a purpose no one could possibly suspect. She was handing over her fetish and formula to Nan. From now on Nan could sit back and Judith would have to slave. But she couldn't help herself. There was certainly nothing noble about what she was doing. Nan's devotion was forcing her into doing something she was absolutely unwilling to do.

DEAN ANDRES' face was chill and sarcastic. He met the young dignity and firmness of the Panhellenic outfit with scornful amusement.

"We wish to make formal protest," began Lucy, but Dean Andres cut her off.

"Suppose we let the proletariat speak," he said. "You have all had too many favors from the university. You are all full of the idea that you own the place. Suppose we let Miss Judith Thorne speak for the Panhellenic. She's a social favorite well known to students. Perhaps she's got something to say."

Judith felt the cruel flick of his words and her face was stained crimson. But suddenly she thought of Nan and it seemed to her that it was inauspicious that this little sarcastic man who had taken what was someone else's right for his own son should be able to harm Nan, however indirectly.

"Dean Andres is correct. I am one of the proletariat. But I have friends—" she stopped, pulled herself together. "All of us, even those who spend too much time in social fripperies, resent it that those who do work hard should be robbed of their honors."

She stopped again, for suddenly she saw Tom Arnold sitting beside Professor Gilden taking notes. When she paused he looked up at her. His face looked stern and angry. Judith tore her eyes away from him. She must speak even if Tom hated it. She caught her breath, plunged on again. "We believe that most of the faculty is behind us," she said. "We must believe that for they are our teachers and we dare not question their integrity."

THE high grades, the honors must go to those who earn them or everything at the university becomes meaningless." Judith thought of Nan's clear face and felt steadier. "It's a case of democracy," she went on with awkward stubbornness. "Maybe we have to choose now between democracy and dictatorship. If so, we'll take the bad luck so the students who come after us can work for honors and know they'll get them." She stopped. Her knees were knocking together. She had almost told them she was changing luck with Nan!

Dean Andres was looking at her in astonishment.

"It seems," said Professor Gilden, "that the Commons can produce something after all." There was a stir in the room. The men on the Board leaned towards one another, whispered together.

Judith didn't hear the discussion that followed. She managed to slip back farther in the room. She could still make her history of arts class. She found the door and went out. She went to class and was marked present but tardy and sat through it without hearing a word.

She left the arts building and went down to the creek and stood on the bridge where she had stood with Eleanor only a month ago. How funny it was that now that her education was over she should feel for the first time as Eleanor felt, that she would leave a bit of herself here forever. She felt a strange calm peace. She felt that she belonged to the university and it belonged to her. Tom was gone of course. He would laugh at her speech, he would never consider her seriously again. Maybe Foster and Chalmers would win their fight but Judith doubted it. All of them would be out of luck from now on. But if Nan had it—Judith went to her house and to her room and lay down on her bed and went to sleep.

It was there that Lucy found her in mid-afternoon.

"Everyone's been looking for you," Lucy told her. She gave Judith a friendly shake. "Wake up, Judith. You're famous. Chalmers and Foster are back at work—the whole thing is over and settled. Young Andres voluntarily dropped out of star rank. Eleanor and Chalmers are going to be married this evening and they want you to go with them. Nan and Foster and you and Tom Arnold are invited."

"Tom Arnold?" said Judith.

"He's downstairs now waiting for you," said Lucy. "What a speech you made, girl! We're proud of you!"

Judith dressed slowly. Tom would stand by, she supposed, for the wedding. He wouldn't drop her like a hot cake. He was too polite. But he wouldn't be interested any more. When he was a university president he wouldn't want a wife who got into silly rows. She went downstairs and greeted him quietly. She would let him see that she made no claims on him. Her luck had run out. She took Tom into the little parlor. There was a new, almost stern, look about him.

"The others are waiting," he said, "but I want to talk to you just a moment. Judy, you were splendid! I was so proud of you!" He shut the door and took her in his arms and kissed her. "What a great girl you are! My heart knew it long before my head did. And after Andres cracked off at you like that—I could have punched him. But he's had his scare—Darling, what do you say we make it a double wedding—we've got time to do it."

Judy didn't understand at all. Nothing was as she expected.

"It isn't working out right—" said Judy and she told him about changing her luck for Nan's.

"Darling—" he said and kissed her very tenderly. "Nan doesn't need any good fortune—not even yours. Oh, you addle-pated darling, what am I going to do with you? I'll never, never be able to love you enough."

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MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I came to have my tooth pulled, but you'd better be careful, because my dog won't let anyone hurt me!"

HE who laughs LASTS



PSYCHOLOGIST: You're suffering from an inferiority complex, Herr Goebbels. Tell yourself how grand you are. Build yourself up in your own estimation.
GOEBBELS: But that won't do any good. I'm such a liar I can't believe myself.



"Are we going in the right direction for town?"
"I dunno. Which way ARE you going?"



"You didn't wash your hands, Jimmy."
"What does that matter? I'm eating brown bread."

Danger! SURFER'S FOOT



"60 per cent. of Males are infected" — says Skin Specialist

READ THIS LETTER:

"I always like to place credit where credit is due. I have known Iodex for years, and have found it very useful, especially in Athlete's Foot, which we hear so much about to-day, wherein it acts like a specific."

At the Medical Congress in Melbourne, a prominent skin specialist said: "That without doubt, Surfer's Itch (also known as Athlete's Foot) was one of the most common skin diseases, and many persons suffered for years from cracks in the skin, and itching under and between the toes, not knowing that they had contracted tinea."

Look between your toes to-night, and if the skin is broken, or dead-white, moist and pulpy, it is probably Surfer's Foot in its early stages. Apply Iodex at once, before raw, red, crippling sores develop, or the infection spreads to other parts of the body.

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Brainwaves!

A price of 2/6 will be paid for each joke used.

THE British Tommy was chatting to his German prisoner.
"And what will you do when the war is over?" he inquired.
"Oh," said the German, "I'll tour Germany on my bicycle."
"And what will you do in the afternoon?" asked his captor.

"A WOMAN is judged by her company."
"Yes, but not until after she has left."

"ISN'T it time the baby said 'Daddy'?" inquired the fond father.
"No, John, I've definitely decided not to tell him who you are until he gets stronger."

"JOAN is getting a man's wages."
"Oh, is she married?"

"HOW is your insomnia now? Any better?"
"Worse than ever. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up in the morning."

"DO you believe in clubs for women?"
"Certainly. But only after kindness has failed."

"WHAT do you think of my new hat? I earned it myself."
"How was that?"
"Trained my husband not to smoke."

PATIENT: Can this operation be performed safely, doctor?
Eminent Surgeon: That, my dear sir, is what we are about to discover.

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For 2'6 Weekly



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All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
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IN MIDDLE-AGE— KIDNEYS OFTEN NEED THIS HELP

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if passage is frequent and scanty, accompanied by burning and smarting, Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day. They are a special remedy for the kidneys and will give quick and lasting benefit. Old and young alike can take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS with perfect safety.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ HE STAYED FOR BREAK-FAST

(Week's Best Release.)

Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas (Columbia.)

THIS sophisticated drawing-room comedy is from dramatist Sidney Howard's adaptation of a French farce by Michael Duran.

Its inconsequential story pokes fun at Communists and Communism.

To escape a shooting, Communist Melvyn Douglas takes shelter in the apartment of beautiful young French girl, Loretta Young, who is the wife of an important banker-politician.

Through a typically French series of situations Douglas is forced to remain in Loretta's apartment.

The longer he stays the more interested he becomes in the girl. Amusing Una O'Connor as Loretta's maid has a big part in the action of the film.

Although there is a lack of variety in the settings the film has been lavishly produced. Loretta's luxury apartment and her even more dazzling clothes are designed to please the women.—State; showing.

★ RIVER'S END

Dennis Morgan, Elizabeth Earl (Warners.)

ONCE again the James Oliver Curwood story of the Canadian woods country and the Mounties appears on the screen.

Handsome young Dennis Morgan plays a dual role, that of an innocent man convicted of murder and a Mountie who is sent to arrest him.

The Mountie dies of exposure in a blizzard, and the wanted man changes places with him.

Pretty newcomer Elizabeth Earl as the Mountie's sister, shares romance with Morgan.

George Tobias, who scored such success in "Torrid Zone," has another amusing role as a French-Canadian. Steffi Duna is a tempestuous girl, who sets out to make George marry her.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ MYSTERY SEA RAIDER

Henry Wilcoxon, Carole Landis (Paramount.)

"MYSTERY SEA RAIDER" is a melodrama dealing with the adventures of a German sea raider operating in the current war. It was inspired by the actual experiences of the American freighter City of Flint.

Henry Wilcoxon plays the captain

of an American freighter which is captured at sea by German naval officer Onslow Stevens.

Manned by German officers and crew, this ship in camouflage is then used to plunder craft in the Caribbean Sea.

The intrepid Wilcoxon remains down to the hold with the ship's former crew, and plots with Carole Landis, who is also a prisoner, to outwit the Germans.

Carole Landis, of "Turnabout" fame, and earnest Wilcoxon share the romance, which, however, is far less important than the thrills.

These include a battle royal between the mystery sea-raider and a British cruiser. Incidentally, the method by which the resourceful Carole calls up this British ship is really ingenious.—Mayfair; showing.

★ BLONDIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE

Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake (Columbia.)

THIS film gives Blondie and her family something new in the way of plot.

For lively Blondie, her dim-witted husband, Dagwood, Daisy the Dog, and Baby Dumpling adventure in a haunted house.

Much of the fun arises from their reaction to sliding panels, secret stairways, and a colored man who is even more frightened than they are.

Penny Singleton again plays Blondie, Dagwood is, of course,

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

Arthur Lake, with Larry Simms as Baby Dumpling.

Blondie and Dagwood bicker in their usual style.

A magician (Arthur Hohl) and his wife (Esther Dale) provide a logical explanation for the ghostly doings. Jonathon Hale appears as Dagwood's hard-hearted boss.—State; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Gone With the Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of novel. Liberty, 27th week.

★★ Foreign Correspondent. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day in gripping melodrama. Regent, 2nd week.

★★ Ghost Breakers. Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope in riotous comedy-thriller. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★★ New Moon. Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy in attractive operetta. St. James, 3rd week.

★★ Shop Around the Corner. Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart in appealing whimsy. Lyceum, 2nd week.

★★ South of Pago Pago. Jon Hall, Frances Farmer in South Seas action-drama. Plaza, 2nd week.

★★ So Great a Man. Raymond Massey brilliant in biography of Lincoln. Embassy, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

AN interesting and important development in movie-making is the project launched by the new movie company, Artists Films, Inc.

This company intends to bring to the screen the finest music and musicians at present available. It has already lined up such famous artists as Jose Iturbi, Albert Spaulding, Joseph Hoffmann, Nino Martini, Mischa Elman and others.

JOAN FONTAINE and Universal seem to be having a slight argument over the remake of "Back Street." Joan, who was announced for the starring role, has expressed doubts as to whether that type of part would suit her.

However, David Selznick, who has her contract, has already promised to let Universal borrow her for the part.

CAROLE LOMBARD has been spending her spare time in the RKO barber-shop taking lessons in the art of shaving a man with a straight razor. You see, Carole has to shave Robert Montgomery in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

After several lessons from the studio barber, and hours of practice on a rubber dummy, Carole is feeling quite confident.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was trailed by bad luck in a scene for "Arise My Love" in which she was to be knocked down by a mountainous wave. The first time they tried it the studio technicians put too much force behind the wave, and Claudette was hurled to the ground, suffering a deep cut on her leg.

Several days later, when the injury had healed sufficiently, they tried a retake, and the star was again sent reeling, this time emerging with a painful collection of bruises.

AT Warner Brothers' Ann Sheridan received the largest fan mail last month. Errol Flynn and Bette Davis were next in line.

DESPITE rumors that their romance is cooling, Greta Garbo and Dr. Gaylor Hauser appeared together at all the Noel Coward plays in Hollywood. Evidently Greta has lost some of her shyness, for she even accompanied the doctor to a night club after the performance.

AFTER twelve years of marriage, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone are looking forward to a visit from the stork.

JACKIE COOPER and Bonita Granville made a charming young twosome at the Brown Derby.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



An awful thing to happen to any woman! Perhaps the worst of all! Just starting to live, yet showing signs of old age! Hopes, ambition, everything seems crushed by the ever present thought of grey hair!

It is awful . . . but a very common thing in modern times when the hair is subjected to the effects of artificial waving and curling as well as outdoor life. The result is a dry scalp with its inevitable effect on the glands provided by nature to lubricate the hair and preserve its colour.

How to avoid this condition and its disastrous consequences? It is very simple . . . by massaging the scalp regularly with Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stimulate the action of the roots, and by being careful to use it every time you curl your hair.

This is how a sensible woman protects and improves the beauty of her hair.

Be sensible too . . . A little care today will save you many a heartache tomorrow.

Do not wait for tomorrow! Start today using

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Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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Melanyl stays black and will not wash or ball out. It is not washed off because the patent serum cap prevents the ink from drying up. Obtainable everywhere, even cheap substitutes, they are not as good.

The Movie World

November 9, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

19



GLAMOR?

No, thank you!



• Betty Field, the attractive twenty-two-year-old Paramount actress who wants to be a great dramatic actress, not a glamor girl. You'll see her in "Victory."

THE most unusual newcomer to the screen is twenty-two-year-old Betty Field, the successful Paramount actress.

She **DOESN'T** want to be a glamor girl.

"Glamor?" queries Betty. "No, thank you. Preserve me from the false eyelash, the monumental hair-do, and the kindly camera."

"Suppose I'm not beautiful, suppose my face isn't heart-shaped, my hair is mousy? So what? That's me."

"I want to be myself, not made over to look different."

"In Hollywood, glamor's an industry. Like all industries, it's become mechanized."

"Everybody under thirty-five possessing an adequate figure and a

BETTY FIELD THINKS SCREEN LIFE OF AN INGENUE IS DULL

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

face that doesn't look like a poached egg is a glamor girl."

You saw this original young person in "What a Life" and "Seventeen." She also played Mae in the film version of "Of Mice and Men." She has just completed the film "Victory," in which she co-stars with Fredric March.

What manner of girl is she who dares to challenge Hollywood's cherished traditions?

She's bright, attractive, but not

beautiful. In fact you'd probably never look at her twice if you saw her in the street.

In the strictly tailored suits she favors, and with her hair dressed in debonaire style, she looks like any smart American business girl.

If not glamor and beauty, what then does this independent young thing want out of Hollywood?

From Betty herself I found the answer. She wants to do real acting. She wants roles that call for vital

characterisations that will enable her to make full use of her talents.

So far she has achieved this ambition. Her roles have all been unusual and demanding. In "What a Life" she played the school drudge, in "Seventeen" a bubbling, chattering, giddy young siren. In "Victory" she has the role of a tender, understanding girl who restores March to his normal mode of living.

Betty is in fact one of the cleverest young actresses to appear on the Hollywood scene in recent years.

She began her career at the age of sixteen in the London company of "She Loves Me Not."

Then George Abbott gave her the feminine lead in the Boston company of "Three Men on a Horse." The illness of the New York leading lady brought Miss Field to Broadway, where she fell heir to the leads in subsequent Abbott productions.

Her work as the schoolgirl in

"What a Life" drew her to the attention of Hollywood, where she repeated this role for the screen.

Betty is one of the most tireless workers in the acting world. On completing "Of Mice and Men" she returned to Broadway for Abbott's "Ring Two."

The day she finished this show she left for Hollywood to begin rehearsals for "Victory."

In Hollywood, when she isn't working on pictures she's doing radio broadcasts.

Now that she has completed "Victory," Betty is planning to take a short vacation very soon—probably at Catalina Island. Meanwhile the studio is looking round for another story for her. Her next part probably will be in "Shepherd of the Hills," which is not yet ready for filming.

Glamor or not, Betty Field is bound to go far.

5000 miles for thrills



• Romantic lovers in Korda's technicolor fantasy, "Thief of Bagdad," are English John Justin and brunette June Duprez.

• This striking picture shows Arizona's brilliantly-hued Grand Canyon in adventure scene with Sabu and hero John Justin.



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	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS		Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
CITY OR TOWN	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
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Wartime trip of London stars to finish film in Arizona

A TALL, dark, and reserved young pilot in the R.A.F. has just reported back for duty in Britain after "extended and necessary leave."

His leave must be the strangest on record. For he spent it in flying the Atlantic, clambering all over Arizona's Grand Canyon, dashing through Hollywood studios, and flying back to Britain again.

But this R.A.F. lieutenant happens to be John Justin—who is also the star in Alexander Korda's "Thief of Bagdad."

Until the outbreak of war he had been working on this technicolor fantasy in a leafy studio not very far from London. At that time producer Alexander Korda planned to film location scenes for the film in Mesopotamia and Arabia.

War intervened. John Justin was itching to join up. Korda set him free from his contract—on condition that he would be available whenever necessary to complete his work.

Mesopotamia and Arabia became out of the question. So Korda, scanning other countries for similarly colorful backgrounds, selected Arizona's Grand Canyon as the next best spot.

Journeying across the Atlantic in the blackout went Korda, his feminine star June Duprez, his little Indian marvel, Sabu, his company and technicians—and his precious color-print of "The Thief of Bagdad." Cars took them to the rim of the earth in Arizona.

John Justin followed by Clipper

just in time to exchange his uniform for the flowing Eastern garments of his film role.

Then came one of the most exciting and perilous trips in screen history.

Followed by forty mules carrying a fortune in film equipment, the thirty members of the company made a tortuous ten-mile trip from the rim down to the floor of the Grand Canyon.

The company camped there two days before climbing up to the world again and facing the descent into the Little Colorado Canyon. Their work here was accomplished without incident, but the Painted Desert Canyon had yet to be faced.

This last descent was described by my Press friends who went on the journey as "the most hazardous experience" of their lives.

From Christine Webb in Hollywood

Korda refused to let June Duprez attempt the climb down the precipitous cliff sides. She and other members of the company were lowered in slings—down 200 feet—to the floor below.

When he saw the rushes of this Arizona work in United Artists' Hollywood studio, Korda turned beaming to his cast... "It was worth it all!" he exclaimed.

And now you must be dying to know if this "Thief of Bagdad" is the same as the Douglas Fairbanks version made in 1924. There are many differences. The Korda edition takes as much from the "Arabian Nights" story of Aladdin as it does from the silent film.

Again, the Fairbanks role has been split. Sabu portrays the Thief and John Justin carries the romantic interest. Fairbanks combined both.

HIS CAMERA WASN'T CANDID

ENOUGH!



SALLY SEES HER DENTIST...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS AND MAKES TEETH SPARKLE.



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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM





1 **SECRETARY KENDAL** (Rosalind Russell) despises Phyllis (Virginia Bruce), who is adored by Kendal's boss, Dexter (Brian Aherne).



2 **FOUND OUT** in her attempt to prevent his meeting with Phyllis, Kendal is warned by Dexter to keep out of his private life.



3 **LEARNING FROM** his attorney (Robert Benchley) that he must marry to save his business, Dexter has Kendal propose to Phyllis.



4 **BELIEVING** proposal a joke, Phyllis refuses, so Dexter marries Kendal.



5 **STILL INFATUATED** by Phyllis, Dexter persuades her that his is a marriage of convenience.



6 **REALLY** in love with Dexter, Kendal then introduces titled foreigner (John Carroll) to Phyllis in the hope that he will distract her attention from Dexter.

Studios share talent

THIS year Universal studio has embarked on a large-scale scheme of borrowing star personalities from other studios.

These stars will supplement the studio's own lengthy list of players under contract.

For the comedy, "Hired Wife," Universal borrowed Rosalind Russell from MGM, Virginia Bruce from Warner Brothers. Free-lance actor Brian Aherne is the hero of the film.

An interesting addition to the cast is humorist Robert Benchley, who has his first role in a full-length film for some time.



Lovely English Lady

Lady Moyra Butler is one of the most popular younger members of London Society. She is strikingly lovely, with almost black hair, starry hazel eyes and a very white, flawless skin.

QUESTION TO LADY MOYRA BUTLER:

With your delicate complexion, naturally you want to have the most effective beauty care that money could buy, don't you, Lady Moyra?

ANSWER:

"I've found that just daily use of Pond's is all that my complexion needs to be clear, smooth and free of skin faults. I use Pond's Cold Cream faithfully every night to cleanse away make-up, dust and dirt. I use it in the morning and in the daytime before making up."

QUESTION TO LADY MOYRA BUTLER:

With all the time you spend outdoors, what do you use to keep your skin always so beautifully soft and smooth?

ANSWER:

"I've found Pond's Vanishing Cream better than anything else for my powder base. It helps my make-up to go on with a lovely finish, for it melts off rough bits of skin, making the face wonderfully smooth and it protects my skin too, keeps it from coarsening."



Enjoying the sunshine after a swim. A good swimmer, Lady Moyra also plays tennis, rides, hunts. When in town, she adores dancing, first nights and ballet.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIAN GIRL



Miss Jean Ferguson of Onslow Avenue, Elizabeth Bay, is very interested in the theatre and acting. Tall and slender, Miss Ferguson has pretty golden hair, and a delicate fair complexion.

QUESTION TO MISS FERGUSON:

Surely you must go to a lot of trouble to keep your skin so clear and radiant?

ANSWER:

"Believe me, I don't! I haven't the time or the money to spend on elaborate and costly beauty preparations. I just use Pond's. I've found that Pond's Cold Cream cleanses so thoroughly, it's all I need to keep my skin in good condition."

QUESTION TO MISS FERGUSON:

Playing tennis, surfing, being outdoors so much, don't you worry about your skin getting rough?

ANSWER:

"Not since I discovered Pond's Vanishing Cream! Of course this cream is a marvellous powder base—and it protects my skin too. It helps to keep it soft and smooth in spite of all the time I spend out-of-doors."

This is how these lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's Two Creams.

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawless and radiant.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. And here's a good tip! For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight too, after your usual cleansing.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/8 oz. tubes, 1/4 oz. jars, and generous 2/4 oz. jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Prices including Sales Tax.)

FREE! Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glow-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

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Getting fun out of their spare time



● **Keeping fit is her hobby.** Virginia Grey, the lovely MGM actress, soon to be seen in "The Captain is a Lady," gaily demonstrates her athletic prowess by climbing a tree—and hanging on firmly.

ODD HOBBIES FOR STARS

THE breaks in between their strenuous picture-making usually give Hollywood stars two or three weeks to play with several times each year.

But, extraordinarily enough, few of them play.

Stars like Spencer Tracy, Wallace Beery, Barbara Stanwyck, and Robert Taylor spend their free weeks improving their ranch properties.

Brenda Joyce runs a girls' club in Beverly Hills. The club features all sorts of indoor and outdoor recreation, with instruction in swimming, riding, and other sports.

Judy Garland owns her own flower shop—and loves serving in it. Basil Rathbone has turned restaurateur. He has just opened an outdoor eating place, with a theatre adjoining, on the Sunset Strip of Hollywood.

Then Joan Crawford stays home for most of her holidays. She does rigid gymnasium work.

But Priscilla Lane prefers to spend her spare time refurbishing the home. Last holiday from work she spent painting the fence!

● **Teaches his young son farm work.** Spencer Tracy with fourteen-year-old John, rests after "Boom Town" on his Encino ranch.



● **She has fun racing miniature cars.** Twinkle-toed Eleanor Powell with tiny car done in her favorite shade of blue. This efficient model, made perfectly to scale, holds numerous records for its speed.



● **Helping the farmer.** It's hay-cutting time in San Fernando Valley, and saucy June Freisser turns out to give the farmers a helping hand. It all happened when the MGM starlet had a day off from "Strike Up the Band."

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F 339 K. IMAGINE! the devastating effect of you meeting him at the foot of the stairs, with swirls of sunburst pleats whirling madly about you! Narrow shirring at shoulder and waist to keep the pleated bodice crisp. In smooth finish "Hibiscus" art silk crepe. White, Blue, Navy, or Black grounds. XSSW, SSW, SW, W 19/11

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IS THE SECRET OF ALL OVER LOVELINESS

Glowing from head to toe, our lovely lady steps from her Palmolive bath. She knows Palmolive's vital beauty secret . . . the wonderful blend of olive and palm oils that makes Palmolive the perfect soap for *all-over* loveliness.

Palmolive's abundant lather gently eases away all dust and impurities from the skin and, at the same time, gives a gentle *olive oil* massage that gives it the rose-petal softness of a child's. Buy three cakes of Palmolive today and keep your skin as clear and smooth as it was when you first went to school.

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Keep that
SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION
ALL OVER!



PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

November 9, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

25

BALLET on the BEACH

• White cotton printed with riotous red-and-green blossom for a swim suit with a prim little top, brief ballerina skirt, and an unexpectedly bare midriff. (Below.)

• Brassiere-top costume in ice-blue shark-skin whittled down to the minimum and tailored with cool precision. With it an outsize Mexican beach hat in fiesta-red. (Left.)

• The fetching ballerina theme interpreted in royal-blue and white checked gingham, and again featuring the bare midriff. Broad bindings of cool, white linen provide an effective foil for suntan. (Right.)

• Youthful suit in white cotton with brief, matching pantees neath the swinging skirt. Feminine little ruffles are edged with red braid, which also outlines the broad cummerbund. (Right.)

• Dramatic sarong suit with microscopic brassiere-top, made in bright green silk spotted with red. A huge yellow sunbonnet adds an additional splash of color. (Above.)

Roma

HIGHLIGHTS OF CUP



● Chocolate-brown silk crepe frock scattered with starry white daisies and topped with a matching brown chiffon redingote. With it a natural milan cartwheel.

Frocks were... subtly flattering

¶ Many of the Younger Set went to the Cup in slightly sophisticated versions of the guileless pinafore trend... one specially lovely willow-slim pinafore was made of black sheer wool and leagued with a finely-tucked Russian blouse in grey muslin and a huge red straw cartwheel.

¶ Heavy, dull-surfaced crepe, white as foam, and accented at the hip-line with huge, cunningly draped pockets. Great masses of white china beads encircling the throat and wrists.

¶ A fashion-conscious young matron in a frock of bright navy moss crepe, whittled down to the minimum and appliqued with huge white flowers. Over it a white boxy jacket appliqued with navy flowers.

¶ A stunning black jacket frock with a finely-pleated skirt spinning out at every step. The jacket sternly tailored and longish, with whopping patch-pockets, and outlined with a narrow piping of gold kid. A dear little halo bonnet, also banded with gold kid, lent further charm.



● Shadowy black sheer with cleverly draped bodice and pappy little jacket make a sophisticated race ensemble. A veil-showered halo-hat and frilled mōire handbag add enchantment.

And hats... quite mad

¶ A series of cornered silhouettes—bicornes, tricornes, and quatercornes—is conspicuous in this season's millinery. The most eye-catching model at the races was derived from Spanish matador lines, with the two corners formed like two cornucopias that stand up and out, creating at once an effect of width and height, plus lots of dash.

¶ Planked at the back of a pompadour roll—a beguiling Nurse Cavell bonnet of black grosgrain ribbon, anchored with wide strings of dusty-pink grosgrain, tied in a pussycat bow under the chin.

¶ A microscopic hat of black lace straw, with crown shaped like an ice-cream cone, literally smothered with white veiling and worn with a superbly simple frock of black jersey dramatised with great gobs of chalk-white jewellery.

¶ With a draped frock of pale mauveish-blue flat crepe—a sensational turban with distinct Oriental tendencies, and intricately swathed, of marquisette in fuchsia, violet, and royal-blue.



● Smocking makes a dramatic comeback in this Isobel ensemble of bright navy georgette. Palest pink blossoms encircle the throat and match up with the quaint floral hat.

WEEK

● Butterflies flutter midst spring blossoms on a ground of royal-blue crepe, and lend a festive air to this simple frock. A blue sailor wreathed with veiling enhances the air of youthful chic.



● Classic ensemble in grey, brown, and navy-striped silk crepe, with frock worked in chevron pattern. The wide-brimmed hat is made of navy straw braid, with the merest film of matching veiling drooping over the edge. A great clump of navy flowers on the lapel and a huge "pebble"-grained bag supply additional fillip.



● A sheathlike frock of coffee-brown crepe-de-chine garnished with gleaming braid embroidery in gold, green, and brick-red. The veiling turban shades from pale rose to brick-red.

UNSURPASSED

For the Core of the Hands • As a Powder Base • For use in the Nursery • For soothing and refreshing the Skin • For men before and after Shaving.

ACTUAL SIZE

OLIVE OIL SKIN LOTION

HERCO

1/9

Economy Size Double Quantity. 1/9

The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label
OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



The "Petty Girl" suit of 1940

BY JANTZEN

- IF YOU LIKE
SMOOTH CURVES -

George PETTY

A great artist turns to swim suit designing! This year George Petty, famous for his glamour girls in "Esquire", designs for Jantzen with the same master strokes of line that have made him so famous with brush and canvas. So, as a bouquet to this master of the curvaceous line, Jantzen calls this the "Petty Girl" suit. It's a suit of youth. "Lastex" yarn has been knitted into Jantzen's soft-gleaming Velva-Sheen fabric for perfect figure control. Its inner surface has the softness of a gardenia petal against your skin. It's ripple-free—fits as you've never known a swim suit could fit. And that shirred neckline! And priced at 32/6.

Five other romance-inspiring Jantzen fabrics. Self-striped Velva-Sheen! Knit-in Design Fabrics! Water-Velva! Printed Satin Knits! All incorporate "Lastex" yarn for glamorous two-way stretch . . . Also Jantzen's classic knits in new Puff Stitch diagonal florals.

Jantzen

Jantzen (Australia) Ltd., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Stay cool and charming...

DON'T let the hot weather spoil your looks, your comfort or your poise. Take a few simple precautions to outwit little discomforts, to protect your skin and to keep cool and fragrant all through the day... Here are suggestions.

JHOSE long lazy afternoons spent under a summer sun followed by lovely balmy evenings can be the last word in bliss.

Or they can mean a very uncomfortable few hours getting fiercely burned, feeling much too hot and sticky to be beautiful, or being bitten by mosquitoes the moment the sun goes down.

Decide now to exercise a little foresight so you can counter-attack all these minor annoyances and be sure of enjoying the summer days ahead.

First of all, take this question of suntan. Do let me assure you that there isn't the slightest need for anyone, however delicate her skin, to burn that ugly, uncomfortable lobster-red.

Even if your skin browns evenly and easily you should use some sort of suntan preparation.

If you get the kind best suited to your skin you can tan evenly and smoothly all over without a single moment of discomfort or redness.

This is because these preparations are designed to cut out the burning rays of the sun and to let only the gentle tanning rays reach your skin.

If you have a fair, fine skin, a tube of rich suntan cream or a bottle of liquid suntan preparation, applied frequently, especially after a bath, should suit you.

Remember that your skin can take its sunning only in small half-hour doses, so get yourself one of those becoming shady hats and a little beach jacket to slip on if you're going to be out playing games or basking for several hours on end.

If you have a medium skin you should find that a thick tan cream spread on lavishly before you sun-bathe would protect your skin. You can get these bronze-tinted so that they make you look brown even before you are.

Skins that are naturally dark tan best with the help of a bronze-tinted oil.

In any case, ask your chemist or the girl at your department store toilet counter for advice about a preparation to suit your type of skin.



THIS dark-skinned lovely uses a bronze-tinted oil to protect her skin against sunburn.



By
JANETTE

IF YOU play games on the beach dressed like this, then protect your arms, legs, and face with a suitable cream or lotion.

Another worry that comes along in summertime to spoil the day is perspiration. It's a very natural and necessary function, and it would not be wise to try to prevent it.

What you should do is check it, to prevent it becoming obvious, and deodorise it.

There are many different preparations for this purpose. There is the liquid type which you need use only once a week and which helps to check perspiration.

There are also deodorant creams which deodorise but do not actually check the flow. It is for you to decide which type of preparation you need.

If you suffer a lot from perspiration it will probably be wise to use the weekly liquid as well as a daily deodorant cream, and to carry a purse-container of cream with you.

Are you one of the people who seem to attract every mosquito in a radius of miles?

You can keep them off with the help of a scented oil such as oil of spike lavender, a perfume which luckily frightens them away and is attractive to everyone else!

If you do get bitten do try not to rub the spot, or you will aggravate the irritation, and may easily cause a skin blemish that will take several days to disappear. Instead, carry around with you a little flat purse-bottle of some good antiseptic liquid and dab this on to the bite with cotton-wool.

It not only takes away the irritation and the temptation to scratch, but also sterilises the spot.

Wear tinted glasses

DO be careful that the bright sunlight is not affecting your eyes or your sight. Equip yourself with a pair of tinted glasses as a protection against glare.

If your eyes feel hot and prickly after a day in the sun, bathe them with eye lotion. If you have time, soak a little pad of wool in the lotion and rest with this pressed against your lids for five or ten minutes. You can get these eye lotions from your chemist.

And then, finally, here's a word of advice for those moments in the day when everything's fine except for the fact that your make-up seems to be running off your face.

Before you make up, wipe your face thoroughly with a tissue soaked in astringent. Stroke on a foundation lotion or cream very lightly, and then blend in a cream rouge very lightly—it's better than powder rouge for hot days because it can't cake.

Use a dry lipstick rather than an oily or greasy one, and smooth it thinly and thoroughly into your lips. Blot it by closing your lips firmly down on to a tissue, and then dust your face and mouth lightly with a puff of powder.

Choose a warm peach shade if your face goes pale to the heat; a green if it grows flushed.



SHE IS A BLONDE and her skin burns easily. So she guards her complexion by wearing a shady hat while on the beach. This makes her look all the more bewitching.

Pond's bring you a New Improved FACE POWDER

Specially made to your own personal requests ★

YOU SAID:



GIVE US
THE SOFTEST,
FINEST
TEXTURE



MAKE
IT REALLY
CLING FOR
HOURS



KEEP THAT
GLAREPROOF
IDEA
—IT'S
MARVELLOUS



GIVE US
A WIDE
CHOICE
OF SKIN
TONES



POND'S NEW IMPROVED FACE POWDER

Choose your shade from the range at your local chemist or store.

★ Pond's wanted to give you the face powder you've always wanted. The face powder that has everything, not just this or that feature. So Pond's asked thousands of Australian women to say what qualities they wanted most in their face powder. And now here is Pond's new improved Face Powder with all these qualities you asked for... the face powder made to your own personal requests. Try it to-day, and see for yourself! 6 smart shades. Price 1/6d. and 2/6d. (including Sales Tax).



Don't risk perspiration odour...

be a **LUX**

CHANGE DAILY GIRL



Save
stocking
ladders too
with a nightly
dip in LUX

5.571.25

A LEVER PRODUCT



MY... WHAT A RELIEF
IT IS TO SEE JUDY
EAT HER BREAKFAST
WITHOUT A
WORD OF COAXING!

Switch to something you'll like!

These bigger crisper Corn Flakes
burst into flavor the second you start to chew

Kellogg's give you back full value for your money in quality. Only the choicest white Australian corn, taken from pre-selected crops, goes into the Corn Flakes that Kellogg's make . . . and Kellogg's chefs add to this extra rich flavor of corn with the tastiest touch of malt, sugar and salt. M-m-mh! — how that family of

yours will go for Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Richest in flavor. Richest in energy value. Always say Kellogg's before you say Corn Flakes.

Only Kellogg's put their Corn Flakes straight into waxtite inner-sealed wrappers. This waxtite wrapper not only guarantees 100% crispness and flavor up until time of purchase but continues to maintain oven-freshness after the outer packet is opened.

One helping of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives Judy enough energy to skip non-stop for 44 minutes . . . it gives her Daddy enough energy to do 3 hours and 29 minutes of top-speed work and her Mummy 2 hours and 20 minutes of heavy washing. Now, don't you agree Kellogg's Corn Flakes are a breakfast in themselves?



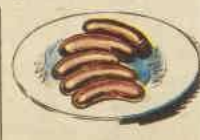
FLAVOR *does it!*

MADE BY
KELLOGG'S IN
AUSTRALIA

This one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes served with just milk and sugar packs more energy value than any of these extra big breakfasts!



More than 3 eggs



More than 5 sausages



More than 3 helpings of spaghetti & tomatoes



More than 3 helpings of fried fish



More than 2 helpings of lamb's fry & bacon



More than 3 helpings of brains & bacon

Fashion PATTERNS



F2547—Engaging spotted frock featuring a gathered bodice and full skirt flowing from the long torso line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F2521—Sophisticated frock with pockets and fullness in the skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F2521—Very tailored style with buttoned bodice and box-pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F2521—Youthful, front-buttoned style with full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F2547—Briskly tailored overall slacks. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F2521—Trim, buttoned-down-the-front style with four patch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1921—Simple style with corselette waistline and flared skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F1921

F3140

F3136



F1850

F3160

Special Concession Pattern

GAY BEACH TOGS FOR TINY TOTS.
Sizes 2 to 8 years.

No. 1—Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast.
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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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STREET
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Pattern Coupon, 9/11/40.



"THAT has nothing to do with it," Leonard said. "That's between you and me, so you'd better forget it now."

"Forget it?" Winnie raised her voice. "We'll never forget it—and you'll always wonder whether it was right, unless you go ahead. If you'd never started—if you'd gone to Caracas the way you said—we might have been perfectly safe. We might never have seen him. You'll never feel easy in your mind unless you go ahead. I said I never knew what you were like, but I guess you're not the kind that stops."

Leonard did not answer. "Perhaps it's time to stop playing safe," she went on. "Have you thought of that? Perhaps it's better for both of us if we're ever going to get along permanently."

"What's our being mixed up in this

got to do with our getting along?" he asked.

"A good deal," she said. "I'm beginning to think a good deal of you—really love you, but it won't take much to spoil it."

"So it takes two shots to make you love me?" he remarked. "That's crazy. That's neurotic."

"I don't know what it is," she said. "It's so."

She evidently felt a promise of happiness for them simply because they persisted in doing an errand which was not their real concern. What she said about justifying his action clearly had no basis. Yet somehow her conclusions were plain, if her processes of thought were not.

Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 13

"Boys," he called in Spanish, "come here."

They stood in front of him with their backs to the light, two shadows in the wind, and he had to speak loudly so that they could hear him. "I've been looking at the stars. We're headed for Chica. Am I right?"

They told him he was right and they sounded obsequious and anxious.

"Headed for Santa Rosa?"

Yes, they told him, they were headed for the port of Santa Rosa. Their answers came quickly, in frightened eagerness to please. It was their occupation to carry food supplies from Santa Rosa to the

island. When the gentleman hired them—the wicked gentleman who had met with the accident—they had never thought that there was anything wrong. They had both of them been afraid and now they were pleased and happy. They would be glad to lay down their lives for the American lady and gentleman.

"Never mind that," said Leonard. He had been in the bush with boys who were just like them, childish, but responsive to just, firm treatment. It was simply a matter of making them understand that he was abler and stronger than they.

"That man told me we should reach the coast this time to-morrow night. Is that so?"

"Yes, señor," they said.

"I do not desire to land at Santa Rosa."

"No, señor," they answered. "It is not necessary to land there. There is a harbor and a dock at the Sebastian plantation."

"Sebastian," Leonard repeated, and he remembered that Mr. Javres had mentioned the name. It would be better than Santa Rosa, since no one would expect them there.

"Very well, boys," said Leonard. "I desire to land at Sebastian to-morrow night. That is all I expect of you. Once I am on the beach, your troubles are over. Until then, the lady or I will be watching you. You will do everything I say and do it very quickly. And when you go ashore you will not talk, because you have a dead man's money, and if you talk the police will ask you questions. Now, one of you fix a comfortable place for the lady forward. And then you can take the helm. That's all."

The shelter in the bow was dirty and smelled of bilge water and fish. "You'd better crawl in there and get some rest," he told Winnie.

"Never mind how it looks and smells. I'll watch the boat till daylight and then you can take your turn. I think the boys are safe."

"All right," Winnie said. "I want to tell you something."

"What?" he asked.

"I want to tell you that I'm happy, Leonard, really happy. Leonard, are you laughing at me?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm laughing." They stood for a minute without speaking, with the wind blowing hard against them, and she reached for his hand through the dark.

"I'm awfully happy now," she said. "So am I," said Leonard. "In a way."

Daylight came so quickly that it seemed as though a gust of wind had blown the dark away.

Leonard yawned and stood up, now that his night watch was over. The breeze had been so steady that it had been hardly necessary to trim a sail all night, and still there was no change. One of the boys was asleep and Peter, the former Boy Scout, was at the helm. It was the first time that Leonard had seen him clearly. His features were lean and ugly.

"Good morning, sar," Peter said in English. "It is a very delightful morning, very salubrious."

"Where did you get the long words?" Leonard asked.

Peter showed a set of yellowish teeth in a complacent smile. "I have been educated, sar," he said, "and I can read very fluently. I have read several important books in English. Would you care to hear the books I have read?"

"If you don't mind," Leonard said gently, "I'd like to change the subject. Last night we were talking about the coast near Santa Rosa. I want you to think about it, think about it hard."

"Yes, sar," said Peter. His forehead contorted itself into heavy frowns. "What is it you want me to think about?"

"I want you to think," Leonard told him, "of this landing place at Sebastian. Is it a quiet place?"

"Yes, sar," Peter said. "Just plain country people."

"Did Mr. Javres ever speak of landing there?"

"No, sar," Peter said. "He said to land at Santa Rosa."

"You understand me," Leonard said. "We might be arrested at Santa Rosa. You're to have Mr. Javres' money."

"Yes, sar," Peter answered. "Sebastian is much better. It is on the main road ten miles from Santa Rosa."

"Now, think," said Leonard. "Is there any other place to land? An even smaller place?"

The boy's face grew blank.

"THERE is no other place," he said. "Not for many miles on either side of Santa Rosa, sar. There is the coral, great plenty of coral. It is a very insalubrious coast."

"Now, think," said Leonard. "There must be some beach some place."

"No, sar," said Peter. "I know the coast very well."

Leonard whistled softly to himself and lighted a cigarette.

"Is there an automobile at Sebastian?" he asked.

"Yes, sar," said Peter. "There is a man who has a very salubrious car. Everything quite correct for a lady and a gentleman. He also has a fishing launch and six children."

"Would he know where General Prisca is staying? Could he take me there?"

"Oh, yes, sar," Peter said. "Most certainly. Everyone is familiar with where General Prisca is residing. He stays at this season in his palace on the hill outside the city with his personal regiment, a most salubrious place, sar. There are five hundred different sorts of plants and vegetables upon the estate and a zoo with thirty-seven different sorts of animals."

"Never mind the zoo," Leonard said. "When we land I want you to get me that man and the automobile."

"Yes, sar," Peter said, "never mind the zoo."

Their conversation must have awakened Winnie. She crawled out from the shelter forward and rubbed her eyes and yawned.

"What are you talking about now?" she asked.

"About where to land," Leonard said.

"You look tired," said Winnie, "and I'm hungry. Is there anything to eat?"

Leonard knew that he was tired, but his weariness was mental rather than physical. He was tired of trying to make plans, trying to foresee possible contingencies.

"There are some preserves forward," Peter said, "and some beef in a can, very salubrious."

"Don't use that word again," Leonard said.

"Now, don't get cross, Leonard," said Winnie. "It's a sign you're tired when you get cross. When you've had something to eat you can go to sleep."

"All right," said Leonard, "and you can chat with Peter until the other boy wakes up. You'd better hold Mr. Javres' gun."

He crawled beneath the shelter and closed his eyes, and as he closed them and listened to Winnie and Peter talking he was surrounded again by the tawdry trappings of everyday. He and Winnie were like tourists chatting with an educated guide.

When he awoke he felt stiff and hot, and the sun was past high noon, but the breeze continued steady, unaffected by the heat. Winnie had her coat around her to protect her from the sun.

"I've been absorbing useful facts about Chica," Winnie said. "They're nice boys, Leonard. I've an idea."

"What?" he asked.

"What would you think of giving one of them a letter for General Prisca, in case anything went wrong with us? Peter says that Jose used to work for General Prisca."

Leonard shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "If we ever get ashore," he said, "we'll talk about what we're going to do."

"All right," said Winnie. "It was just an idea of mine."

"Winnie," he said sharply, "you haven't said anything to those boys, have you? You have to be careful, Winnie."

"No," she said, "I haven't said a thing. I was just thinking, Leonard."

Leonard's eyes were reddened by the sun and, in spite of his rest, his face was drawn and weary. He could only guess what he might have in face when they reached Chica this evening, and all he could do would be to take as few risks as possible. The two boys were in the stern, out of earshot if he and Winnie did not speak too loudly.

"Winnie," he said, "one person has to run this. You see that, don't you? Just remember what happened to Tweedbury and what nearly happened to us. It's just as though we were carrying explosives—one jolt and we may blow up."

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New way to treat NERVOUS DISORDERS

Special, rich supply of Vitamin B₁—the anti-neuritic vitamin.



Unreasonable bursts of temper! This means "sick" nerves. These are usually Nature's warning that you need a greater supply of Vitamin B₁—the anti-neuritic vitamin.



Tears over nothing! If you feel like this, it usually means over-wrought, tired nerves. It means that you aren't getting a proper supply of the vital nerve vitamin B₁.

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Vitamin B₁ builds up nervous system. Vitamin B₁, the anti-neuritic vitamin, feeds your entire nervous system, builds up those jagged nerves into nerves of steel.



Take 1/3 teaspoonful of Vegemite in a glass of milk two or three times daily.

Do you suffer from ragged, jumpy nerves? Do you get that weak, nervy, run down feeling?

Doctors have discovered that the main cause of most nervous disorders is lack of Vitamin B₁. Vitamin B₁ is the anti-neuritic vitamin. Give your system a regular and full supply of this vitamin, and your nervous troubles will soon disappear. Vegemite is specially concentrated to give an extra supply of the three vital vitamins, B₁, B₂ and PP. (the anti-pellagra factor). You see, Vegemite is a highly concentrated extract of Yeast. Doctors and scientists say the yeast plant gives a greater abundance of life and energy. Yeast is the richest known source of the combined Vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P., and Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast. It contains intact all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest degree of concentration.

Stir a third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite into a glass of warm milk, drink it down and you'll be taking the best nerve tonic that money can buy.

Drink

VEGEMITE

MIXED WITH MILK EVERY DAY!



DO YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE?

- ✓ JUMPY NERVES
- ✓ LACK OF APPETITE
- ✓ DULL TIREDNESS
- ✓ CONSTIPATION
- ✓ BAD BREATH
- ✓ INDIGESTION
- ✓ LOSS OF WEIGHT
- ✓ RESTLESSNESS

These symptoms show lack of Vitamin B₁ in your system.

Make sure that your whole family gets their full quota of Vegemite every day. Vegemite is delicious spread on bread or biscuits, on toast for breakfast or supper, with cheese, with eggs, for sandwich fillings, with salads, and to give a rich flavour to gravies, soups or stews.

IMPORTANT! Adults need one teaspoonful of Vegemite every day. Children ten years and over, one teaspoonful daily, and infants from six months up to the age of ten years, half a teaspoonful daily.

Please turn to page 34

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Some are honest ...

NOT fair to mention those who SAID they weren't going for the Cup... so here are a few who admit "pleasure only." Dorothea Darvall and Anne Hill make up a carload with Dar's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Darvall. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Aboud and daughters Pat and Noeline also leave by car... Menzies' the address.

The Bevans, Maybery, Ann and Mrs. Philip Bevan, leave in their limousine, spend first night at Jervis Bay home and then on. Trunks of clothes sent by train.

I hear that titian Pat Murray and lovely Margaret Fagan are leading the field in beauty stakes.

Mrs. Clay Von Hake returns to Sydney next week with only four days to spare before sailing for a few months in America... in that time has to close large Kurraba Point home and get herself and three school-age children, Joey, Paula Claire and Larry, ready to sail.

Did you know ...

FLAT-SHARING at Double Bay are Mrs. Gordon Triggs and Mrs. John McDonald. Margot Triggs is helping R.A.A.F. comforts committee... her husband is in Air Force.

John, young hopeful of Dr. and Mrs. Stuart Studdy, is organising a Back Yard Bazaar, to take place this Saturday at his parents' North Sydney home... for Shore junior school war funds.

Fete results... Royal Sydney raised about £1100. Graythwaite nearly £700.

Called head coverings ...

MANY attractive tilt-bits adorn coiffures in name of "head coverings" at Bovill-Rouse wedding. Like best Mrs. Henry Charles Osborne's platter of waiting feathers in lovely blue shade. Bonnie Osborne dons blue sequin Juliet cap... Bunny Statham wears topknot of pink rosebuds... Ros Bowman a halo of field flowers. There's variety for you!

Town's youngest and prettiest, plus most of the Osborne clan, are majority of 200 guest list. St. Mark's ceremony, then Elizabeth Bay House. Glorious presents cover every available spot in dining-room... carefully guarded. Enough silver for life.

Speeches bright with praise of beautiful women chosen as brides by men of Osborne family... I over-hear one Osborne wife saying to her husband, "Go on, dear, get up and say 'Hear, hear!'"

Rubbing shoulders in crowded ballroom... Mrs. Gordon Brady, Mrs. Oliver Osborne, Sylvia Keighley, Barbara Knox, Joan Peacock, Jocelyn Poynter. Joc. bedecked in old amethyst necklace and earrings, just presented to her by fiancé Cedric Hughes to match her collection.

Glimpse Joan See taking mental note of routine... her wedding with Tom Parsons arranged for three days later, same place.

Initials on finger ...

UNIQUE engagement ring for Coryl Maher, of Roma, Cootamundra... her fiancé's initials, E.C.H., arranged in design of platinum, black steel, and diamonds. Coryl is second daughter of the W. J. Mahers, and her fiancé, Eric Hey, is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hey, of Mittagong.

Vice-Regal welcome ...

SECOND informal Vice-Regal welcome to women escorts of British children takes place when Governor and Lady Wakehurst invite them to tea at Government House. The Hubert Fairfaxes and daughter-in-law Nancy, the Mick Bruxners, Lady Julius, Norman Nocks, Mrs. Percy Spender, Mrs. Ernest White, Olive King, Mrs. John Pockley among those invited to meet them.

Sir Geoffrey Whiskard shows interest in steel wedding ring worn by Mrs. J. Stevenson (formerly Beryl Speirs, of Wagga)... cut from Polish ship's piston ring by engineers when she was married on board. Beryl tells me the captain's gift was wood inlay design of the ship.

Leaving G.H., Beryl sets off for Wagga, her home town, where she runs a commercial college.

At party Mrs. J. G. Clothier meets Mrs. John Pockley and discovers she recently spent her honeymoon in Devon near Mrs. Pockley's old home... now bombed thereabouts.

Important people ...

SUCH a collection of infants added to town and country population this last week or so. Naming baby is absorbing pastime for lots of families. Two Field additions... daughter (Colleen) for the Jack Fields, son for Bert and Pat Field. First child, daughter, for A.J.C. Chairman's son, George Main, of Illabo... Mrs. Main was Pat Gould. Daughters also for the Jack Sees, of Merriwa, and George and Joyce Morris. A son and heir for the Gilbert Prattens.

There have been three grandchildren for Mr. and Mrs. H. Fay, of Bellevue Hill, within six months. First a daughter (Jill) for Mrs. Alan Crago, the former Audrey Fay; then son John for Mrs. Jack Saywell; now Mrs. Jack Field's daughter. Mrs. Fay saw the newest arrival before she left Sydney with Mrs. Albert Abel for the Cup.

Plenty to do ...

MEET Mrs. Jack Cassidy dashing about town saying to everyone "Come to Story Book Fair at Karitane, Woollahra, Saturday." Ask her is she going to Melbourne to make merry, but assures me she and all other committee members are too busy making things for fete.

Jam-making is occupying Mrs. Jack Purves, Mrs. Clive Single, and Mrs. David Cohen. Joan Waterhouse is concentrating on peg dolls. Stephanie Day is bringing artistic flair to work decorating "Land of Oz" stall. Mary Evans, Joyce Carpenter, Cecile Weston, Mrs. W. A. Mackay, Mrs. David Roper, Mrs. Ambrose Gaffney also helping.

Mrs. Doug. Fell's busy stitching Alice in Wonderland dress for small daughter Angela. Virginia Fairfax will be the Mad Hatter, and Primrose Anderson Stuart the White Rabbit... my guess is they'll have more fun than anyone.

Heard around town ...

MRS. HENRY HILL OSBORNE is here from Queensland to visit her son, Gordon Jaques, who is with R.A.A.F.

Margaret Sparke, of Matland, and Lieut. Ken Wragge announced engagement during Ken's leave from Cowra camp.



• "ALMOST as pretty as the bride," said bridegroom John Bovill at his wedding reception, proposing toast of bridesmaids. Here are Roslyn Bowman and Anne Hill.



• COUNTING UP the money... Sylvia Corrick and Joyce Lesnie see how much they've made at Town Hall concert in aid of Baron Rothschild fund.



• TWELVE a shilling... Joyce Cleaver and Mollie Gittins offer choice oranges at Market Industries Fund, Martin Place.



• JOAN LOVELOCK surrounded with some of the prizes given at card party in aid of R.A.A.F. canteen at Hotel Carlton.



• JUST MARRIED. Marjorie Thomas, of Darling Point, photographed just before leaving Sydney two months ago for Perth. Now Mrs. Frank Freeman.



• ATTRACTIVE SUB-DEBS. Jill Robinson, of Gundagai, and Betty Jane Gribbin take part in tableau celebrating centenary of postage stamps... at Education Building.



• SWEETS for Crown Street Hospital fete at Retford Hall on November 30... Betty McCartney and Florence Dent making and filling the boxes.



• LIEUT. JOHN AYERS, grandson of Kidman, the Cattle King, and his youthful wife at Randwick races during John's leave from Cowra camp.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, The Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before: it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1522E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Asthma Agony Curbed in 3 minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. MENDACO, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. MENDACO is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 34 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back or return of empty package. Get MENDACO today! It protects you.

Ends Asthma . . . Now 3/-, 6/- and 12/-

How much do YOU spend on Cosmetics?

Most girls and women spend far more on cosmetics than is necessary—as if fancy prices were an indication of quality. Tests have proved that Australian Rice Face Powder is equal to the best in France, perfume and range of shades—and its price is only 6/- (or giant size that lasts for over 3 months 1/-). Why pay more? Thousands don't, as you can see any Friday at Woolworths or Coles. Australian Rice Face Powder obtainable from all stores, chemists, and toilet goods counters.

TRUST Germolene

TO END THAT SKIN TROUBLE

LET Germolene heal your skin trouble . . . whatever it is . . . however long you have suffered. You can TRUST Germolene! With its wonderful ASEPTEIC principle it stops the threat of poisoning! By its great healing power it wipes away blemishes and even heals painful long standing ulcers which nothing else will touch!

Feel how it soothes at a touch! See how it heals in record time! Irritation, itching, burning are all ended. Open wounds heal over. Your skin becomes clear and clean and not a scar remains to "tell the tale." Get your supply TO-DAY . . . and watch your skin trouble disappear. From all Chemists and Stores. Prices 1/6 & 3/6.

Agents—
H. F. RITCHIE (Aust.) (Pty.) Ltd.
350/354 William St., Melbourne

"It's only this," Winnie answered, "and I don't believe you've thought of it. These boys know the country—one of them has a brother who works in General Prisca's house—and we don't know the country. Suppose you and I were to write a letter to General Prisca, telling him everything we know, telling him about Mr. Javres and about everything else. We don't know what we may run into when we land, and he might help us out if we were in trouble. The boys could give the letter to him."

Leonard was suddenly wide-awake and apprehensive. "Look here," he said, "you haven't written a letter like that, have you?"

"No," she said, and she looked startled. "Of course not. I was only suggesting it."

"Then put it out of your mind," he said. "You mustn't think of interfering in this. We don't know those boys at all. When you're carrying dynamite you'd better carry it yourself."

"We don't know them," Winnie suggested, "but it might be worth while taking a chance."

"No," Leonard shook his head vigorously. "It's never worth while taking a chance when you don't have to take one. They might give the letter to Wagner. The Jamaican boy can read. More likely than not they'd tear it up. Even if General Prisca got it, he wouldn't believe it. There's only one way to make him believe—to see the old man ourselves, and we're going to see him. We're landing at a little village and we're going to hire an automobile. Now, don't say a word to those boys."

She looked hurt and disappointed. "That's the trouble," she said, "you never take a chance."

"Not unless I have to," Leonard answered. "When you're out away from everywhere it never pays to be reckless."

"All right," Winnie said. "I know. It's only—"

"Only what?" he asked.

"It's only that I'd like to do something," she said. "You see what I mean, don't you?"

"I see what you mean," Leonard told her, "but you'd better wait for some other time."

"That's the trouble," said Winnie. "I always have to wait."

The coast was some time before it came. First there were clouds above the horizon that were motionless in the windy sky. They rested above a mountain range the slopes and contours of which were like the clouds at first, until the outlines became increasingly distinct. The whole coast was discernible before the sun went down beyond a misty curtain which seemed to rise and fall and to shift erratically. The sea met a greenish-black coastal plain that was broken by lower hills. Behind it was the lighter green of softly rolling uplands, and farther behind, the chaos of the mountains, and down near the shore at one point was a patch of glittering white.

That would be the town of Santa

Rosa, which stood at the mouth of the muddy malarial river that drained the land of Chica.

Leonard Birch had a good idea of the coast already. From the earliest days it had held the reputation of being dangerous, with no harbor except the river mouth at Santa Rosa. First there would be the coral. The water near shore already had a purple-and-violet color such as he had always noticed in the vicinity of reefs. Then there would be mango swamps, low bushes lifted by their spiderlike roots from the muddy water, or else there would be white beaches glistening in the sun, with coconut palms growing just beyond the high-tide mark.

Peter Smith stood beside him as he fixed his eyes on the land.

"Yonder is Santa Rosa, sir," Peter said. "Beyond it, on the hill where it is all white, that is the great plantation and the palace of General Prisca, sir."

The boy's eyes were better than his. The city seemed to him nothing more than a white spot.

"Where's Sebastian?" he asked.

The boy pointed to a spot of dark green farther down the coast.

"It is among the palms," he said.

"There is a little river. We can tie up to the shore."

"Are there customs officers at Sebastian? Police or soldiers?"

Both the boys spoke at once. There were no customs officers, police or soldiers. They would find a motor car for the gentleman and the lady.

"Is it unusual for a boat like this to come in there?" Leonard asked.

They both spoke at once again, saying that it was not unusual, and all he could do was to rely on what they said. It was growing dark and the motion of the boat increased as they drew closer to the wind. He heard a humming sound in the sky.

"It's the plane," Jose said. "She lands at Santa Rosa before dark."

"Where from?" Leonard asked.

"La Guayra, señor," Jose answered.

Leonard frowned and listened to the humming in the sky. The Erikonig would have landed in La Guayra that morning.

"Very well," he said. "Get in as soon as you can."

He was standing along the shore. He could see the harbor lights of Santa Rosa and nearer, the lights of a village—Sebastian. They would land at Sebastian and go straight through the town. There seemed to be no valid reason why anyone should expect them there. The main thing was to do it quickly and to get it finished.

Winnie was speaking to him.

"I suppose," said Winnie, "that I'd better go with you to see the general."

"Yes," said Leonard. "I think that's the simplest thing."

"Leonard, I do wish you'd consider giving the boys a letter."

"No," said Leonard.

They had dropped the sails. Jose was standing near the jib with the halyard in his hand, and the boat moved slowly, noiselessly, propelled by the jib and the incoming tide. There was white water on either side of them where the waves struck on the half-submerged coral, and he could make out the darker twisting path of the channel through the

Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 32

reef. Then the murmur of the sea lessened and the soft yellow lights of the primitive little village right ahead of them shone through the oblongs of windows and doorways, making the palm-thatched huts glow like lanterns.

Jumping out into the black water he could just see the outlines of a dock and he could hear the sound of palm fronds rustling in the wind—a strange, restless, slapping noise, so different from the leaves and trees at home. Jose let the jib go and stood up straight in the bow and then jumped for the dock. His bare feet slapped firmly on the planking.

"I hope that you have been satisfied, sir," Peter said politely, and Leonard understood the reason for his question. He put his hand in his pocket and felt Mr. Javres' money belt.

"You'll have that belt," he said, "as soon as I'm on the dock."

He could see the dingy white dress of a small group of natives who stood watching the schooner tie up, but their whole attitude was languid and incurious. They must have recognised the boat, for they called an evening greeting to Jose, and Jose called back.

"Winnie," Leonard said, "you can give me that pistol now." He took it from her and dropped it into one pocket of his soiled and rumpled white coat and dropped Mr. Awara's pistol into the pocket on the other side. He had remembered just in time that it might cause unpleasant

comment if he should step ashore brandishing a weapon.

"Keep your hands off me," he said to Peter. "I don't want help," and he climbed quickly up a ladder and stood upon the dock. The motion of the boat was still in his head, so that the planking seemed to sway under his feet. The little crowd moved away from him in respectful silence.

"A gringo," he heard them saying. "Jose and Pepe have brought a cargo of two gringos," and there was an undertone of gentle, appreciative laughter, but the voices were not hostile. As far as he could see, the whole village was resting in the cool breeze of the evening before it dropped off to sleep.

"They're American tourists," he heard Jose explaining, "who have sailed with us for the experience. We have carried them from Santa Rosa for an evening's sail, and now they seek the motor car of Senor Catesby to return."

Leonard listened appreciatively. He had discussed this problem with Jose an hour before and he was pleased that Jose was so adroit at lying. He leaned down and helped Winnie up the ladder.

"It has been a very pleasant sail," he said in English. "Both you boys are very good sailors. . . . Please come here, please." He took the money belt from his pocket, twisted in a neat, tight roll. "For you and Jose to divide," he said. "And please thank Jose for us very much. I'm sorry I can't speak his language."

Please turn to page 36

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1—The new award for civilian valor instituted recently by our King is called the St. George Cross—King George Cross—King George VI Cross—George Cross.
- 2—if you've studied your food values you'll know that the most valuable salts in root vegetables lie in the middle—equally all over—near the skin—at the top where the vegetable joins the foliage.
- 3—Mary Ann (or Marian) Evans was a writer who used the pen-name George Eliot—Charlotte Brontë—Lewis Carroll—Rider Haggard—George Sand.
- 4—Which is the larger of these A.I.F. units? Company—platoon.
- 5—"Please to remember the fifth of November"—well, we all know that it's the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, Guy Fawkes, and all that. Of course, Guy Fawkes was only brought in to do the dirty work, and the actual instigator of the plot was Francis Trevelyan—Thomas Percy—Robert Catesby—Lord Montagu—Thomas Winter.
- 6—How about brightening up your garden with lobelia, that pretty Creeper—shrub—small bedding plant—bulb—hedge.
- 7—Can you give the first line of the first verse? The second verse begins "I sent thee late a rosy wreath."
- 8—Since events began to stir in the Middle East we've heard frequent mention of Benghazi, which is in Libya—Egypt—Palestine—Turkey in Asia—Morocco.
- 9—Quaint, really! Whereas "cheval" is the French for "horse," a cheval glass is a Wall mirror with an ornamental gilt frame—special kind of champagne glass—small magnifying glass—long mirror swung on a frame.
- 10—To finish with a spot of Art—the artist famed for painting red-headed women was Michelangelo—Tintoretto—Rubens—Titian—Holbein.

Answers on page 36

Youth IN YOUR LIPS PUTS DESIRE IN HIS HEART

The most wondrous thing about Michel is the way it restores youth to your lips. It replaces dryness and chapping with a soft persuasiveness which transforms your whole face. Love lives upon allure—and lips that know Michel allure with a power that is swift and strong. Little wonder that women skilled in love have learned to trust Michel. Even its fragrance is subtle, beckoning and unforgettable. . . . It is a staunch and faithful friend, too—despite rain and shine, it keeps lips lovely for hours longer. Which of the Michel shades is yours—Blonde, Brunette, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet or Raspberry? Price 2/3 each, obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.



Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE



Women also Serve..



WOMEN'S Air Training Corps leaders from five States who met in Melbourne in conference. From left: Miss Gwen Stark, deputy commandant for N.S.W.; Mrs. J. R. Bell, Australian commandant; Lady Beattie, South Australian commandant; Miss J. Inglis, deputy commandant for Victoria; Mrs. R. J. Risson, Queensland commandant; Mrs. David Taylor, Tasmanian commandant; Miss Jean Pratt, conference secretary.

Air Women's Corps leaders confer in Melbourne

Well-known pilots among visiting interstate commandants

For the first time in the brief but interesting history of the Women's Air Training Corps, representatives from five States gathered in Melbourne for a conference.

Their purpose was to discuss the establishment of a federal council and generally review the work of the corps.

SIX commandants and the conference secretary got together in the corps' Melbourne headquarters with the least possible amount of fuss.

They might have been any group of business women in conference. They had left their smart field-grey uniforms at home, and wore everyday suits and frocks instead.

Four of the six women who discussed the future plans of more than 2500 corps members had made long journeys to be present, but only one, Miss Gwen Stark, Deputy State Commandant for N.S.W., flew to Melbourne.

Conference was presided over by the smallest woman present. She was Mrs. J. R. Bell, Australian Commandant, who founded the organisation, and is herself the wife of an airman.

Brown-eyed and vital, and scarcely more than five feet tall, Mrs. Bell dresses her brown hair in a smooth Eton crop, and usually wears tailored suits and shirt blouses with ties.

Well-known Tasmanian airwoman, she was the first Australian woman to gain a ground engineer's licence, eleven years ago.

She founded the W.A.T.C. in Brisbane less than two years ago, but now lives at Eltham, a few miles out of Melbourne, where she is able

to keep the horses she brought from Queensland.

The State Commandant for Queensland, Mrs. R. J. Risson, is another diminutive person. She has keen deep blue eyes and a tanned, outdoor look and a crisp way of speaking. She is the wife of an A.I.F. officer overseas, and is well known in hockey circles.

She played interstate hockey for 13 years, both as Gwen Spurgeon and after her marriage as Gwen Risson.

New South Wales representative, Deputy State Commandant Miss Gwen Stark, brown-eyed, with dark hair cut short enough to be no bother when she is working on engines, is a well-known pilot.

Long-distance flight

LONG before the W.A.T.C. was formed she was one of the moving spirits in the Australian Women's Flying Club, Sydney, which encouraged women to learn to fly and arranged bursaries to enable them to do so.

Victoria's Commandant is Miss Freda Thompson, one of Australia's best-known airwomen, and one of the few women to fly from England to Australia.

As she was ill, Victoria was represented by the Deputy State Commandant, Miss Jean Inglis.

Fair-haired, blue-eyed Miss Inglis is not a pilot, but has done 500 hours

AIM of the Women's Air Training Corps is to fit women to help in Air Force ground jobs should the need arise. The corps hopes that defence authorities will form a Women's Auxiliary Air Force similar to that in existence in England.

Should this hope be realised the W.A.T.C. has 2500 members ready in Australia with specialised training for the job.

flying as a passenger with friends, mostly with Freda Thompson.

She has travelled widely, is interested in the Girl Guides' Association, and is a V.A.D.

Tasmanian Commandant, Mrs. David Taylor, left her hundred-year-old home in the Midlands of Tasmania to attend the conference, and will return to Tasmania in time to go into camp with the corps at Evandale Showgrounds.

During the last war Mrs. Taylor served in France and England as a nursing sister with the A.I.F. She was away for three and a half years, and was mentioned in despatches.

Another delegate was tall, elegant Lady Beattie, Commandant of the newly-formed South Australian branch.

Lady Beattie is the Sydney girl who married Australia's first baronet, Sir Rupert Clarke, and after his death married the Earl of Beattie.

After living in England for some years, she is now making her home in South Australia.

She worked with the Women's Land Army in England, and is interested in the W.A.N.S., the organisation to co-ordinate all women's war efforts throughout Australia.

The W.A.T.C. will begin to build up its membership in South Australia as soon as she returns.

Sophisticated Lady?

Only a true long-lasting perspiration check will satisfy your standards of perfect grooming. Because Liquid Odorono gives such fastidious protection at all times, it has been for 25 years the choice of discriminating women in all countries. Liquid Odorono is not quicker, but it is *surer*. It comes in two strengths, Regular and Instant.

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1/-, 2/- and 3/-



RHEUMATISM THAT AGONISING STOP CRIPPLING PAIN

USE THIS LONDON DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION



YOUR kidneys should rid your system of harmful acids, uric acid, germs, etc. Their blood should be free from dangerous impurities. Sharp, agonising, burning, aching in joints, muscles and nerves cause intense bodily suffering and excruciating nerve pains. Gravel and stone are additional threats, while the mysterious rheumatic term, if ignored, soon seeks to attack the heart. To restore your kidneys—change your blood, and bring about a regeneration of all your vital forces—take Harrison's Pills. This London doctor's prescription rids you of the pain-causing acids, uric acid and germs, soothes inflamed tissues and stops those nasty painful attacks for good. Your pains don't go—if you don't feel and are better than your years—money back. Where difficult to procure order Harrison's Pills direct from Amalgamated Laboratories, 241 House, Carrington Street, Sydney.

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FOR LOVELY GIRLS



To give yourself attractive waves and curls—quickly and easily—get some Amami Wave Set and follow the full, simple directions enclosed. Amami Wave Set is non-oily, non-sticky, and it dries very quickly.

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Obtainable everywhere.

Try the New AMAMI BRILLIANTINE. Use Amami Brilliantine to give your hair the neat fashionable polish, to make it sleek as silk.



Prevent rough hands with **HINDS** Honey & Almond CREAM. Extra Creamy—Dusky skin.

FREE OFFER! To put sunshine in your hair send this advert, with your name, address and colour of your hair in the 900 GG, G.P.O. Sydney, and 3d. post. Camellia Tokens will be sent free. -W.W. 9/13/40.

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Countless women are indebted to Paul Van Schuyler for his discovery of "VANIX"

by the use of which superfluous hairs can be permanently destroyed. "VANIX" which is simple and pleasant to use and harmless to the skin, is now available to the women of Australia. Price 3/6 (posted 5/10) from Italian Fly, Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 172 Mt. Cuthbert St., Melbourne; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melbourne; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 35 Rundle St., Adelaide.

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And at exclusive Country Chemists.

Getting Fat and Slack?

ARE YOUR LOOKS FADING AWAY?

Normal weight means normal health and activity. If you are getting fat and slack, the cause may be a congested state of your intestinal tract. Overweight people are much troubled with constipation, which, through the absorption of waste matter into the system, causes sick headache, dizziness, pimply skin, bad breath, unhealthy fat and slackness. Regain your bright and attractive appearance by banishing constipation with Pinkettes. Tiny, perfectly harmless, gentle yet absolutely effective, these famous laxative and liver pills painlessly exercise and strengthen the bowels, keep the food tract clean and active, stir the liver, and thus banish sick headache, bilious attacks, pimples, bad breath and ungainly fat. Get a 1/3 bottle of Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores.

Woman's Hands became softer and whiter during the Night!

"Just look at my hands now," said Mrs. Macalpine of St. Kilda Road, St. Kilda. "Aren't they lovely! And to think I used to be ashamed of them! I tried all sorts of hand lotions, and everything was too sticky—felt awful. Then my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion and it was marvellous! Not the slightest bit sticky, so I decided to leave it on all night, and look at my hands now!"

Every Day You Take the Beauty out of your Hands! Washing up, housework, being out in the sun and wind—these are just the things that every day rob your hands of their natural beauty. No wonder they need daily protection! Keep your hands smooth, soft, white—use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion will give

He was being the generous American tourist paying off his guides, and Peter understood him.

"You have my card, I hope, sir," Peter said, "in case you and the lady should care to go again. It has been a lovely, lovely sail."

"And now if you can show us the automobile," Leonard said, "we had better start back to town."

"Yes, sir," Peter answered, "if you and the lady will please follow me."

There was nothing more to it than that. They had turned their backs upon the grimy little schooner. Just like two tourists—and there surely must have been tourists in Chica on occasion—they followed Peter off the dock and up the village street between the palm-thatched wattled houses, through the cool darkness beneath the rattling palms.

The dusty street still seemed to sway beneath him as though the waves were moving it, but Leonard felt at home. He was moving in a hand which was part of his profession and all the sounds and smells were utterly familiar—the wind in the palms, the barking of a mangy cur, the braying of an ass, the voices of the women in the houses, the crow of a fighting cock, the smell of coral and seaweed from the tropical sea. He had lived with all of this often. They had landed in a perfect setting for malaria. At such times as the wind died down the anopheline mosquitoes would be flying.

For a moment he forgot that there was anything unusual in his being there, until he saw Winnie's white dress in the darkness.

"Where's this automobile?" he asked sharply.

"This way, sir," Peter said, "There is the residence of Mr. Carlos on the right, the proprietor of the vehicle."

He pointed to a house larger than the others, in a yard behind a hibiscus hedge.

Leonard stopped in front of it. The house was completely dark. "He isn't in," Leonard said.

"He will not be far, sir," Peter answered. "He is either reposing inside or drinking down the street."

Peter ran to the house and began to knock on the door, and Leonard and Winnie followed him more slowly.

"Senor Carlos," Peter was calling, but there was no sound except the knocking on the door.

"Wait a minute," Leonard said sharply. "No nonsense now. Are you lying to me? Where's the car?"

"I am not lying, sir," Peter's voice in the darkness was eloquent and earnest. "This is Senor Carlos' house, and his automobile is always in the yard. He will be drinking

down the street. I can fetch him in only a little minute, sir."

"Hold on," said Leonard, "before you fetch him. No nonsense now. Where's that automobile?"

"This way, sir," said Peter in honest agitation. "If you come here you can see it."

Leonard walked towards him to the corner of the house, and then he saw it. A large dark limousine of antiquated American make stood in a dusty yard beneath the shadows of a row of palms.

"That's a funny place to leave it," Leonard said. "Why isn't it in a shed?"

"He must have taken it out, sir," Peter said, "in preparation to go somewhere. I shall go and find him, sir. I shall only be a little minute."

"Well, run then," Leonard said. "Run and bring him running back. I don't want to stay here all night."

"Yes, sir," Peter said, and trotted off into the darkness down the street.

The big closed car was fifty feet away from them, shadowy beneath the stars, strangely out of place in that primitive village, the only evidence of a grimmer and more efficient civilisation, and the sight of it gave Leonard a sense of intense relief. Everything was all

The answer is—

- 1—George Cross.
- 2—Near the skin.
- 3—George Elliot.
- 4—Company.
- 5—Robert Catesby.
- 6—Small bedding plant.
- 7—"Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes."
- 8—Libya.
- 9—Long mirror swung on a frame.
- 10—Titian.

Questions on page 34

right. The boy had not been lying, and he spoke to Winnie.

"It looks like an early 1920 model," he said, "but I guess it will go all right. Everything turns out some way, if you just don't worry."

"It looks dirty," Winnie said.

"Never mind," said Leonard, "as long as it will go. We may as well sit in it and wait. If the man doesn't come I'll drive the car myself."

"Suppose it's locked?" said Winnie.

"I can arrange that," Leonard said.

"There's nothing very wonderful about an automobile engine. Thousands of automobiles are stolen every year."

He walked across the hard-packed ground of the yard and Winnie followed. "A nice comfortable limousine," he said.

His hand was on the door handle and Winnie stood waiting for him to open it when he heard a step behind him. He saw Winnie turn and heard her give a sharp quick gasp, and at the same instant something hard prodded him between the shoulders.

"Doctor Birch," a voice said, "please do not move."

The words ended in a quick indrawn hiss and Leonard knew the voice at once. He did not need to turn his head. It was Mr. Awara speaking, carefully, gently, the way he always spoke.

"If you move or cry out, Mrs. Birch," Mr. Awara was saying, "I am afraid your husband will be hurt. You will raise your hands, please, Doctor Birch. Thank you."

Mori, you may come from behind the car now."

A small, determined-looking Japanese in a white coat, peering behind horn-rimmed glasses, stood in front of them.

"Mori is the driver," Mr. Awara said. "We have been waiting for you. It is necessary for Mori to search your pockets, Doctor Birch, and the handbag of Mrs. Birch. That will be all that is necessary, I think."

Leonard remembered what Mr. Awara had said about professionals and amateurs. The little man in the white coat whipped Mr. Awara's pistol from the right-hand pocket and Mr. Javres' gun from the left with the swift, painless gestures of a surgeon. Then his hard, quick hands stole beneath the coat and patted Leonard's sides and hips.

"You may put your hands down," Mr. Awara said, and he turned towards Winnie. "No, only the handbag, please."

"Awara," Leonard said. He had recovered from his surprise and the cold fear which he had first experienced when Mr. Awara had pushed a pistol muzzle between his shoulder blades, but his position was obviously more than a little precarious.

Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 34

He tried to imagine a simple chain of circumstances which might explain Mr. Awara's appearance, but he could not.

"You may turn around now, Doctor Birch," Mr. Awara said. "Slowly, and please do not move towards me. Please do not be upset. It is better to take these matters calmly."

Leonard faced about slowly as he had been told, and saw that Mr. Awara was standing a few feet off with a pistol in his hand. "All right," Leonard said. "I'm not upset. Just surprised to see you here, Mr. Awara."

He could not see Awara's face clearly, but he imagined he was smiling.

"Yesterday," said Mr. Awara, "I was surprised myself—very much surprised. I know how you must feel, Doctor Birch. Mori—" He gave some directions in Japanese.

"Wait a minute, Awara," Leonard said. His voice was still hoarse and he coughed.

"I think we must be leaving," Mr. Awara said. "If you have anything to say, please say it quickly."

"All right," said Leonard. "I'd like to ask you a favor, Awara, as one gentleman to another."

"Thank you for that compliment, Doctor Birch," Mr. Awara said. "I am truly sorry for you. Any little favor?"

"Then do anything you like with me," said Leonard. "Maybe I have it coming, but just leave my wife out of it. Let her go, Awara. She can't do anything to you. Let her go."

"I won't go," Winnie said.

"Leonard—" "I'm not talking to you," Leonard answered. "Keep out of this, Winnie. . . . Let her go, Awara. Hang me up by the thumbs if you want to, but let her go."

Mr. Awara sighed. "Doctor Birch," he said. "I am sorry. I hope you will remember that I advised and tried to help you. I am sorry that it is too late now, because I have a regard for you. You are intelligent, so agreeable. You must see that it would not be safe for me or my associates to leave Mrs. Birch at large. You have changed, Doctor Birch. Your interests in Chica are no longer limited to mosquitoes. . . . Mori—"

Mori reached in his pocket and drew out a pair of handcuffs.

"Your wrist, please, Doctor Birch. . . . Your left wrist, please, Mrs. Birch. . . . There—that is better. You may give me the key, Mori. The car that brought us from Santa Rosa is waiting down the lane. You will walk ahead and step into the back."

They stopped by Mr. Awara's car, a later and more efficient model, and

Leonard spoke. The steel of the handcuff was cold around his wrist. The chain that held Winnie's wrist to his gave a little jangling sound.

"They're on tight," he said to her. "I've always wondered how they'd feel. It looks as though you'll have to stay with me, whether you like it or not. This is what comes of my not thinking."

She reached for his hand before she answered and held it close.

"Darling," said Winnie, "don't say that. No one can think of everything."

Mori was in the driver's seat, and as the lights flashed on Mr. Awara climbed into the back and pulled up the seat for an extra passenger. He sat astride it, facing them, and slammed the door.

"I hope you are comfortable," he said. "It will not take long to get to Santa Rosa." As the car began to move Mr. Awara pulled out his cigarette-case.

"A cigarette?" he asked.

"No, thanks," Leonard answered. Mr. Awara laughed. "There's nothing in them, Doctor Birch. Ha-ha! There are no champagne bottles!"

"I'm glad you take it that way," Leonard said. "Do you mind my talking?"

"It is so much nicer to talk like friends," Mr. Awara answered. "Please do not think I hold resentment against you, Doctor Birch. I am seriously sorry for your predicament. I wondered who might get off that boat—you or Mr. Javres—but I was not surprised that it was you. You are very able, Doctor Birch."

The car had turned from a narrow lane onto a hard-surfaced road.

"It is not a bad road," said Mr. Awara. "And Mori is a good chauffeur. The car runs very smoothly."

"The car's all right," said Leonard. He kept his eyes on the glowing end of Mr. Awara's cigarette. Mr. Awara's manner had been bland and kindly, almost cheerful.

"Would you mind telling me how you happened to be waiting by that automobile?" Leonard asked.

"Certainly," said Mr. Awara. "The circumstances are such that there is no reason to conceal anything from you further."

"You guessed that we would come there then?" Winnie asked.

"I shall be pleased to tell you everything," Mr. Awara said. "If you are sure it does not bore you."

"No," said Leonard. "It doesn't bore me."

Mr. Awara paused for a moment as though he were arranging his thoughts, and then he began to speak.

To be concluded

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How people react to those surprise parties

SURPRISE parties are great fun and show you to be popular among your friends, says R. Wilson (19/10/40).

With a party of this kind there is none of that frantic cleaning up, no leaving the house spick and span, no preparing supper (as the visitors usually provide it).

Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

Tables turned

NOT only does the honored person wish to look his or her best, but there is a certain amount of shock attached to a surprise party. I remember going to a surprise party where the intended guest of honor failed to arrive at all. So it was we who got the biggest surprise, much to our amusement.

Mrs. A. E. Earl, 12 McCulloch St., Wewak, N.S.W.

Lets secret out

MAY seem cynical, but I doubt very much whether a surprise party is ever a real surprise to the guest of honor. Some friend or relative usually lets the secret out. If, however, it is a complete surprise, the sudden arrival of a lot



Has to pretend welcome.

people in party mood may not open to coincide with the feelings of the person to be honored. What worse than having to assume a becoming smile and a sociable manner when one longs only to spend quiet evening with a book?

Mrs. K. Forbes, P.O., Naracoorte, A.

Half prepared

THE secret of a successful surprise party is to have the guest prepared, but for an altogether different object.

There is no tiring anticipation or preparation. And there is a pleasant surprise to remember.

Mrs. M. Lister, Binalong St., Woz, N.S.W.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

RECENTLY I heard members of a women's organisation complain that at least one or two women were not included in the Government. It was rightly contended that women's knowledge of housing and health matters would prove helpful.

Men were blamed for the exclusion of women from Parliament, but this is hardly sound reasoning.

As women electors are more numerous than men in some electoral divisions, the rejection of women candidates is due to the apathy of feminine voters, and they, and not the men, must bear the blame for the exclusion of women from Parliament.

Mrs. R. Stirling, 200 Elizabeth St., Hobart.

FOLLOW NATIVES

IT looks as if white people are gradually going "native." Modern dances, such as the Jitterbugs, only need a little more tom-tom and a little less drapery and native corroborees and war dances would be left in the shade.

Natives wall and utter weird sounds when sad. We do the same—when we're glad. We call it crooning.

And so it goes. The only thing we haven't copied is the natives' large families. But that's going too far. We, at least, are civilised; or so we think.

L. Danby, 8 Albion Rd., Glen Iris SE6, Vic.

WIVES' ALLOWANCE

A RECENT speaker, in answer to a question as to whether a prospective bride should demand a personal allowance from her future husband before marriage, answered in the affirmative. In my opinion she would be most unwise to do so.

A generous man would resent such a demand as savouring of a commercial spirit in the girl. A mean man on the contrary would promise anything if he really desired to marry the girl, and just laugh the matter off after marriage.

It is all a matter of temperament and character. If the man and girl are very much in love, they will carry on as partners in poverty or wealth.

Mrs. S. V. Parker, Ebor Vale, Hall St., Alderley, Brisbane.

RELIABILITY IS BEST WEAPON

OF all traits of character the most outstanding is reliability.

It can be described as—Truth in Action. Why are some men and women chosen for responsible positions, while others of equal attainments are passed by?

For the simple reason that they are dependable.

What is going to win this war for us? Nothing else but the reliability of our guns, planes and ships, and last but not least our men and women.

El for this letter to Mrs. A. Leahy, Rajool, Qld.

Should education be equal for both sexes?

EVEN if a girl does eventually marry, there is no reason why she should not be as well educated as her brother, Mrs. J. R. McNamara (19/10/40).

Being properly qualified to earn her living before marriage will equip her for any emergency after marriage. There is one point many parents forget, and that is that the mother has the greater influence over the children, and an educated mother will be a tremendous help to her children during their school days.

Mr. Churchill says that his mother was the dominating influence of his life and work.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

Need to help

ESPECIALLY now is it obvious that girls need the best education it is possible for them to have.

With so many husbands overseas with the A.I.F., wives are finding it difficult to manage on a small income, and are returning to work.

We hear of women who are trying now to learn a trade or profession that might easily have been taught to them during their later school days.

Apart from the financial aspect, they are helping the country to carry on, and the better education a girl has behind her the better her ability to help when her help is most needed.

Mrs. C. Dale, P.O., Mildura, Vic.

Waste of money

MEN are the natural money-earners, and have to be taught a trade or profession.

The majority of girls marry during their early twenties, and do not need a long and expensive education.

If shorthand and typing and domestic science were part of the school curriculum, that would be sufficient to equip a girl to start a career should it be necessary, and to give her early training in the management of a home.

Mrs. J. R. May, Childers St., Nth. Adelaide.

May prove use

GIRLS are entitled to be as well equipped in life as boys. Surely this war will prove that argument. In fact, it is doing so in England.

When my husband joined the A.I.F. I enrolled in a women's war organisation. I was told by many people that my place was in the home.

Surely it is better for me to give one or two evenings a week to learn something which may one day be useful to our Empire.

Mrs. J. Hughes, 68 Queensbury St., Carlton, Vic.

RURAL LIFE BEST

SOLDIERS' wives are rushing to leave the country and live in the city.

There will not always be a war, and we should try to preserve our ideals as well as our nervous systems.

In the city there is too much time to think, too many women in similar positions to ourselves with whom to discuss our problems.

The quietness, the space, and the lack of labor-saving household devices in the country would surely be the salvation of many women.

Nerves don't thrive in the country, and work is still a good panacea for most ills.

Mrs. C. J. Smith, c/o Sergeant C. J. Smith, Infantry Training Depot, Caloundra, Qld.

NOISY SLEEPERS

STRANGE how it takes a war to make us try to solve a worldwide source of annoyance—the habit of snoring.

It has been found in the London shelters that a persistent snorer can keep a whole group of people awake, and already scientists have some remedies.

Let us hope that they are effective, for the culprits, usually men, sleep peacefully through it all, while unwilling listeners have their nerves frayed by the raucous sound.

M. Bell, George St., Stepney, S.A.

THINK OF SELF

WHY do people complain about those who think too much of themselves?

For one person who fails because of it there are dozens who go down because they do not take a big enough view.

Far too many people express the opinion that their lives aren't much use, as it is the same old routine day after day.

Life may certainly become hum-drum, but unless we study our reactions we can never understand the world we live in.

I consider it a great mistake to say that people think too much of themselves.

Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

Careless eaters who lack good manners

AS Miss Watson (19/10/40) says, it is amazing to see the number of young people who have no idea of table etiquette.

I have noticed well-dressed girls and men holding their knives like pens, and their spoons like shovels.

The onus is on parents to teach their children how to eat correctly.

Mrs. C. Burnett, P.O., Maroubra, N.S.W.

Learn at school

IT quite spoils a meal in a restaurant to have to sit near some men whose table manners suggest the trough rather than the table.

It might be a good plan if table etiquette were taught in schools, for many parents these days seem to be lacking in correcting their offsprings' eating habits.

E. Wooten, 281 Rathdown St., Carlton, Vic.

Can move away

IF diners are offended by the lack of etiquette shown by a stranger at a cafe, there is nothing to stop their moving to another table.

To see someone holding a knife



Offends other diners.

as if it were a pen is no more irritating than to see a woman crook her little finger as she holds up her cup.

H. C. Reid, Nudgee Rd., Ascot, Brisbane.

Fail to learn

SOME parents spend most of their time trying to teach their children good table manners, but a person who is careless by nature will never bother to learn.

However, some sort of training is very essential in youth, because it may save a young person great embarrassment later on.

Mrs. A. G. Fletcher, Rosemont Dairy, Lawn Ave., Campsie, N.S.W.

HAPPY

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To eat well and enjoy food a man must have perfect digestion. When indigestion is ruining his appetite, get De Witt's Antacid Powder. Instant relief follows from the first dose and indigestion quickly ended.

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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

"Frank and Archie" return to station 2GB

Inimitable comedy pair
in new series

Humor that can survive all the changes in fashion and fortune of the past seven or eight years must have some permanent quality about it. That is the achievement of the radio feature, "Frank and Archie," and these two funmakers have returned to add laughter and good cheer to our radio entertainment.

The present series is broadcast from 2GB every Tuesday and Thursday at 8.15 p.m., and is an entirely new show. It was the last series to be admitted into this country before the ban on American transcriptions, which is not likely to be lifted until after the conclusion of the war.

FOR nearly ten years "Frank and Archie" have been entertaining American listeners with their droll adventures, but the programmes heard in Australia are all specially recorded for Australian audiences.

The producers have the expert advice of the Hon. Archie himself, who has had considerable experience of Australian audiences. He is Reg Sharland, the musical comedy star, who appeared in Australia in such musical comedy hits as "The Girl Friend."

It was after his visit to Australia that Reg Sharland first met Eddie Holden at a party in Hollywood.

To help entertain the guests they put on an impromptu show, in which they gave an impersonation of an English Johnny and his Japanese house-boy.

It was a great success, and some-

one made the suggestion that it would be the ideal radio material.

Thus began a partnership which has outlasted most others on the air. Eddie Holden had a flair for comedy script writing, and they have made an almost self-contained combination.

It is almost impossible to recall the diversity of their adventures, but perhaps the success of this series has been due more to the richly humorous and lovable characterisations than to the adventures themselves.

The Honorable Archibald Chiselberry is typical of thousands of well-intentioned people in this world, with no real aims or objects in life.

Archie is versatile, always the master in the most ludicrous situations, yet never fatuous or merely silly.

Frank Watanabe is the faithful servant, typical of such people the world over, whatever their language or nationality. His quaint English adds to his charm, while his literal interpretations of his master's metaphors and proverbs land them both into all sorts of trouble.

But that by no means completes the "Frank and Archie" portrait gallery. There are Mr. Augustus Hipplewater, pompous old money-



THE HON. ARCHIE (Reg Sharland).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, November 6.

—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party. Fats Waller.

THURSDAY, November 7.—June Marsden's Astrology Playlet for Children.

FRIDAY, November 8.—Patricia Morison. Musical Mix-up.

SATURDAY, November 9.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, November 10.—"In a Quiet Mood."

MONDAY, November 11.—"Highlights from Opera."

Patricia Morison.

TUESDAY, November 12.—Sun Spots.



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Ashore It's Different

"WHY, confound

them, you were facing an emergency and I'm going to make a report on it. And here's another thing. Leckenby, it looks as if you've learned that radio-telephone ain't a play-thing. So I'm going to make you master of our new Diesel tug."

Leckenby opened his mouth, but never got a chance to say anything, for the old man boomed on. "The first thing you got to do is look up a girl named Parks. I have her address here somewhere. She was the one who picked up your message and telephoned the Coast Guard office. She didn't seem to understand it was the Logan and not our tug that was in trouble. She seemed real worried. She's been telephoning here two or three times a day asking when you were going to show up."

"You mean—" Jim Leckenby stopped, then gasped. "She must've been listening for me that night, then!"

The old man was rummaging absently around his littered desk. "How should I know what she was listening for? Now where'd I put that phone number? Oh... here it is."

He turned to the skipper of the Superior, but Jim Leckenby had gone. Already he was on Waterfront Avenue, streaking towards the taxi stand. He was about to climb into a cab when a figure in blue arrested his attention. Their eyes met at the same instant.

"Well, hello there, Jim!" Dave Bekins was rushing towards him—a resplendent uniform in animation. Leckenby regarded him with a fishy stare. "I certainly appreciate your getting that message through, old man," Dave rattled on. "We mightn't have got out of that if the cutter hadn't come along."

"Might not?"

"No, sir. We might not." The skipper of the Superior narrowed his eyes. His mind began whirling into logical action. Here they were, just a yacht captain and a towboat captain, and they were

bags, his daughter Cynthia, in search of a husband, Hiram Q. Scudder, bluff old sea-dog, Frank's No. 1 cousin, Eddie Panorama, the negro, Hezekiah, and a dozen other more or less minor characters.

Continued from page 5

ashore now. And this dude in the fancy blue uniform had tried to steal his girl. What's more, he'd reported him to the Federal Communications Commission for trying to say hello to her. "Where you going now?" inquired Leckenby slowly.

"Thought I'd drop out and see Mary Parks. Want to come along?"

"Well," said Jim Leckenby, "I thought I'd be going out there alone. What I mean is, you're not going out there."

"You're cockeyed," said Bekins, taking his hands out of his side pockets.

"We'll see." Jim Leckenby swung once, neatly, and clipped the jaw of the captain of the steam yacht Logan. With immense satisfaction he watched the blue uniform melt slowly onto the sidewalk.

And then, rubbing his knuckles, he got into a cab and instructed the driver to lay a course which would take them to where Mary Parks lived.

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WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

Scorpions must learn self-control if they would achieve the best within themselves and make others happy.

SCORPIONS—those born between October 24 and November 23—are the "lone wolves" of the zodiac.

They are so self-sufficient and capable that they feel impelled to lay down the law to those who will accept them as leaders, but at the same time they are usually inclined to go against their superiors or leaders.

Truth to tell, they can do quite well in life as "lone wolves," but not half as well as if they are happily married or close in friendship with those whose affection or admiration they desire.

There is something within them that demands mates—whether business or matrimonial—in whom to confide and to whom to boast and rejoice over victories.

Yet, as most Scorpions are quarrelsome and dictatorial, they will continually endanger their own and their friends' happiness and success unless they learn to mix agreeably and unselfishly with others—both inferior and superior.

It is because of this that they must learn self-control, which will make them wiser as well as more powerful. Lack of it will cause them to be rash, destructive, and oft-times foolish and petty.

Pettiness will make them despise themselves, and a Scorpion who loses his self-respect fights in a lost cause. Therefore, they must admire themselves—assured of being fine fellows, capable and brave. Their friends must also learn that their boastfulness is no more than a sincere pleasure and excitement over things that go well.

In choosing marriage or business partners Scorpions will usually find success and happiness through people born under the signs of Cancer (June 22 to July 23), Pisces (February 19 to March 21), and those of their own sign (October 24 to November 23) if tolerance prevails.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair weather against you this week.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): The world is against you this week. Be cautious in your behaviour towards others, especially on November 13, 14, and 15. If you wish to doze quietly, popularity, and deception. Losses possible.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Try to be semi-important or urgent matters later way on November 14, if they cannot wait, then wait. Beers help. **CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Don't waste time on November 9 and 10 for the stars are strongly favourable for many Capricornians then, and you may be one of those to benefit. Seek advancement and success.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Be as wise and wary as you possibly can this week, particularly on November 13, 14, and 15. Difficulties, losses, partings, arguments, and worries may dominate then. Routine work.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Many Virgoans can use November 13 (p.m.), 14, and 15 to fair account in semi-important ventures.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): The week of days for most Librans. Much depends upon yourself this week. Capricornians are confusing just now, yet much benefit is possible, and stabilised ventures could be started on November 9 and 10, the extremely cautious.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): November 9 and 10, the stars are strongly favourable for many Capricornians then, and you may be one of those to benefit. Seek advancement and success.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 21): Plan for the near future. November 13, 14, and 15 fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Many Capricornians will find that November 13 (after 4 p.m. only), 14, and 15 can be used for constructive work.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): About days ahead for unwise Aquarians. Your stars are afflicting you just now. Be particularly cautious, wise, and patient on November 13, 14, and 15. Routine work.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be a good cheer, and go after what you want on November 9 and 10, for your stars defend you strongly then. Your chances of realising your wishes or successfully starting new ventures then should be better than at other times.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is an aeroplane passenger with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. They contemplate a holiday, and imagine they are on the northbound plane for Paris, whereas they are travelling in the opposite direction because

LIBBIE CARR: A young girl, changed their tickets by means of trickery.

She wants Mandrake to help her solve a mystery in Central Africa, and, heavily disguised, is a passenger on the plane. When over the African jungle she tells Mandrake what has happened, and, threatening him with a gun, forces her fellow passengers to jump from the plane with her by parachute.

NOW READ ON.

LIBBIE HAS FORCED MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR TO JUMP FROM THE PLANE AT TEN THOUSAND FEET--AS IT WINGS OVER CENTRAL AFRICA...



BUT LIBBIE, MISJUDGING--HEADS INTO A SMALL DEEP LAKE--!



YOU MADE US TAKE THE WRONG PLANE--FORCED US TO JUMP--

I WAS DESPERATE--FRANTIC--I'M SO ASHAMED OF THE TROUBLE I'VE CAUSED YOU--I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO--



MANDRAKE, MY FIANCE IS CAPTAIN TOD BROWNELL.



TOD BROWNELL? I KNOW HIM! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE?

HE TOLD ME ABOUT YOU. I TRIED TO TELL YOU, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN.



MY FATHER, COLONEL CARR IS--WAS--COMMANDANT OF FORT RADI. ONE DAY HE SENTENCED A NATIVE, BESA, FOR STEALING.

SIX MONTHS, BESA.



"BESA WAS FEARED AMONG THE NATIVES AS A SORCERER. HE THREATENED MY FATHER AND SWORE HE'D GET REVENGE!"



DON'T WORRY, DEAR. I GET A DOZEN THREATS A DAY LIKE THAT.

"WHEN MY FATHER GAOLED BESA, THE SO-CALLED SORCERER, FOR STEALING, BESA THREATENED REVENGE, BUT DAD ONLY LAUGHED ABOUT IT."



"WE FORGOT ABOUT BESA. THEN ONE NIGHT, DAD WAS AWAKENED BY AN INTRUDER, WHO ESCAPED WITHOUT BEING RECOGNISED!"



WHAT IN BLAZES--?

"NEXT MORNING, DAD WAS AMAZED AND PUZZLED TO FIND A LOCK OF HIS HAIR HAD BEEN CUT--AND WAS MISSING! EVIDENTLY, THE INTRUDER'S WORK."



THEN WE LEARNED THAT BESA HAD ESCAPED FROM GAOLED THE NIGHT BEFORE--

GO ON! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? THIS IS BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE!

TO BE CONTINUED

ASTHMA

The best known relief

ASTHMA—choking terror of so many—by inhaling VAPOR-CRESOLINE while you sleep. Makes breathing normal, sleep restful.

Mr. G. B. Camden Rd., London N., writes: "I have for many years been troubled with Asthma, but have found great relief from inhaling VAPOR-CRESOLINE in the room I was in. Others to whom I have recommended it, have also found it very helpful."

For 60 years the proved vapour treatment for Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Croup, Diphtheria, Harmless.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just clogs in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only make-shifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/2.

She travelled the Burma Road

Amazing adventures of woman who wanted to see China

To bath in a coffin, deliver a Chinese baby in the street in an air raid, and fly from Chungking owning only a pair of pink silk pyjamas and five piastres—these were just a few of Eileen Bigland's experiences in China last year.

She tells all about it in her book, "Into China."

OVERCOMING considerable opposition, this English-woman was the first European to travel in a Chinese convoy along the famous Burma Road.

Her sex, the rains and the China war—it was before the outbreak of the European war—were advanced as unanswerable reasons against the project.

She stuck to her guns, and with the help of the Chinese directors of the highway made the journey.

The result is her recently published book, an enthralling account of adventure and discomfort, beauty and horror along the road that is China's life-line, the road on which the eyes of the world are focused.

All day and every day trucks bearing munitions thunder along it into the war zone.

The journey took three weeks. Her companions were Joe Chow, of the China Travel Service, Miss Wei, a Chinese schoolmistress bound for Hongkong (and provided by the thoughtful Chinese highway directors as a chaperon), Ching, the coolie driver, and an assortment of temporary passengers.

The temporary passengers included twelve sick Chinese surveyors picked up from the roadside in the last stages of malaria, eight of whom died on the road, a sick Chinese engineer anxious to die in his home town, Kunming, and two monkeys. Heavy rains, landslides, engine trouble, and illness delayed their progress.

Over incredible mountains, the bus jolting around the hairpin bends, she rode with her back against a case of T.N.T. and her feet on a bunch of rifles.

At Mangshih, called "The Place of Death" because of its fever, a young Chinese with an American accent seriously tried to sell her a coffin.

"If you died they'd put a fast one over your relatives," he told her.

At Mangshih, indeed, the "bath" in the guest-house was a coffin painted black!

Against such shocks were set, for instance, the discovery that Ching, the driver, searched each morning for a flower to put in a vase he carried beside him. So did all the coolie drivers in the convoy.

With Ching, who spoke no English, she struck up a wordless friendship.

When he said good-bye he refused to take a ten-dollar note. He asked



COOLIES REPAIRING a landslide on the Burma Road. "Nowhere," says Eileen Bigland in her account of the route, "is there a road as romantic, so tragic as this highway."

instead for her nati-file, which had served instead of a screwdriver to mend the self-starter more than once.

There was respite at Pao Shan, where the guest-house was a beautiful old temple, though set in a city swarming with 350,000 inhabitants mostly starving and diseased.

The Frenchman who ran the Hotel du Lac at Kunming, the road terminus, said he had no room.

"I did not blame him," she writes. "It was not every day that a guest arrived at his grand hotel covered in mud and with a couple of monkeys."

From Kunming she flew to Chungking, seat of the Chinese Central Government, and met the Chiang Kai-sheks.

Her descriptions of the air raids

on that city are horrifying beyond words.

Staying at the French Catholic Hospital, she helped the nurses in their work.

Just before she was due to leave, the hospital was looted, all luggage stolen, and she set off in Hanol, in Indo-China, with only a pink silk pyjamas she wore.

Fear of spies caused officials in Kunming to refuse her a permit to return journey by road. She had grown to love the highway.

"They call the road 'The Gateway to New China,'" she writes. "More than that; it is the epitome of an age-old philosophy; it is the spirit of unconquerable China."

"Into China." Eileen Bigland. (V. lins.)

Charm bath for heart-breakers-to-be-

NEW Super-milled LIFEBOUOY


For lovely children and charming women, there's one soap that meets every need. It's Super-milled Lifebuoy, the pretty coral pink tablet with the ultra-mild lather, so soothing to delicate skins.

Protection so subtle

Mild as it is, this delightful new soap still gives the famous Lifebuoy protection. The clean, fresh fragrance vanishes away as you rinse, leaving positive security against B.O. (Body Odour).

Keeps you lovable

Menfolk often prefer "Regular Lifebuoy." So don't forget to order a supply of "Regular Lifebuoy" for them.



New Super-Milled
LIFEBOUOY
Health Soap

A LEVER PRODUCT

Humor it and it will flourish...

STURT'S DESERT PEA

● Every gardener has a tender spot in his or her heart for the plant that is difficult to grow, even if the end cannot justify the means.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER



STURT'S DESERT PEA, *clianthus dampieri*, one of the strangest-looking, yet most attractive, flowers grown in Australia. It has brilliant red blooms with black knobs at the base of the upper sepal.

Sow zinnia seed now

ALTHOUGH we are now into November, zinnia seed can still be sown to provide a blaze of color to bid farewell to summer. Zinnias are particularly quick-growing during this time of the year. The seed will be up in two or three days, and grow so rapidly that in a couple of weeks the seedlings may be pricked out into boxes. In another fortnight they are ready for their permanent beds.

Save your own seed from time to time, for in doing this there is always a possibility that you may produce something new and interesting—a zinnia which does not appear in any of the catalogues.

Zinnias will grow in almost any type of soil. Add plenty of well-decayed material such as manure, leaves, and grass.

THIS week I want to talk about a plant that for years was a problem plant to me, and has been, I know, to countless other gardeners — Sturt's desert pea, or, botanically, *clianthus dampieri*.

Although I can grow it just as easily as sweet or green peas now, I had to study its whims and peculiarities before I took it out of the "difficult" class.

This lovely, brilliantly colored native flower has graduated from the tough school to the genteel and aristocratic floral seminary shared by the rose, the carnation, and the lily, and I have no hesitation in describing it as one of the finest plants that ever came out of the desert.

Just why such a gorgeously colored flower like *clianthus dampieri* (for the buccanier Dampier was the first to find it) should prefer to waste its glory on the desert air defies my imagination.

For countless centuries nobody but a few aborigines, desert rats, mice and snakes ever saw it, but to-day it is widely grown in English and American glasshouses, where it is handled almost with tongs, and is regarded as one of the most pernicious and frail plants in the world to raise.

Grows luxuriously

IN our inland areas, however, it grows luxuriously in any sandy bed that has some leaf-mould, moisture, and good drainage at foot.

The blossoms are about 3in. to 4in. long, and are brilliant red with peculiar black knobs at the base of the upper sepal. The lower petals are folded over like the wings of a bird, which the flower frequently resembles, and sometimes these, instead of being bright red, are pure white with red tips.

From the first specimens that reached England shortly after Australian settlement began, gardeners marvelled at its extraordinary color contrast, and since then these rather gaudy blooms have been in keen demand by florists and flower lovers.

The picture on this page shows the flowers in a cluster, and that is how the plant is grown, for the flowers appear in bunches on its rather straggly, semi-climbing stems.

This brilliant flower is always one of the first to bloom after the desert receives a good fall of rain, and

grows extremely quickly when conditions are to its liking.

The foliage is glaucous (silvery), frequently hairy or downy, and just as beautiful as the flowers.

Clianthus, like many other native plants, cannot endure manure or artificial fertiliser of any kind, and quickly dies if such materials are applied.

The plant, however, will give excellent results if the seed is sown where the plants are to remain, for it also dislikes being transplanted, and rarely recovers from the shock.

The seeds are extremely hard, and the writer finds that the best way to make them germinate is to place them in a cup and pour boiling water over them, after leaving them to soak all night.

The soil should be sandy, or of a light, loamy nature, and contain a little leaf-mould. Drainage must be good, and the position open and sunny.

If sowing seed in pots or hanging baskets, fill the bottom with broken brick, coarse gravel or small stones, for if the plants become waterlogged they will die rapidly.

They dislike too much overhead watering, and moisture when applied

should be poured round the roots generously and allowed to drain away.

In the cooler parts of Australia this lovely flower can be successfully grown in glasshouses in pots or baskets, but as with outdoor culture the position in which the plants are to grow must be hot and sunny.

Although the season is well advanced for sowing seed, gardeners will find *clianthus* germinates well now that temperatures are up around 70 degrees.

Its natural habitat (the desert) should be imitated as nearly as possible. One of the best positions I have seen consisted of flat rocks half-embedded in the soil, the seed being sown near the foot. This provides cool root conditions for the plant and something on which the trailing arms can subside.

If soaking does not make the seeds soft enough they may be "nicked" with the edge of a razor blade.

They should be thinned out to 18 to 21 inches apart, and always do best if given some support, such as a low wire trellis, a rockery, or even another plant, on which to climb.

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TRY COOKING CHICKEN... this way

Properly cooked chicken is appetising enough at any time, but there are lots of really exciting ways of preparing this delicate poultry, apart from roasting or boiling. Try some of the recipes below—you'll find these methods with chicken as delicious eating as anything you've ever tasted.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly

THE attractive-looking dish in the photograph is chicken fricassee with sweet potato puffs and bacon rolls, the chicken itself being masked with sauce.

Here is the recipe:

CHICKEN FRICASSEE WITH SWEET POTATO PUFFS

One fowl, 5 cups boiling water, 1 onion (sliced), 2 teaspoons salt, 6 level tablespoons flour, 1 cup cold water.

Cook fowl whole in boiling water with sliced onion, until tender. Add salt when half-cooked. When done, take fowl from broth, remove skin, and take out bones, leaving chicken meat in fairly large pieces. Thicken liquid with flour, mixed to a smooth paste with the cold water. Bring to boil, then add chicken meat. Serve with sweet potato puffs laid on top of sauce. Garnish with rolls of grilled bacon.

Sweet Potato Puffs: Three-quarter cup mashed sweet potato, 2-3rd cup milk, 4 tablespoons melted butter, 11 cups flour, 4 tablespoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix together mashed sweet potato, milk and melted butter. Add

remaining ingredients sifted all together to make a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and toss lightly until outside looks smooth. Roll out half an inch thick, cut with a round floured biscuit-cutter. Place on a greased swiss-roll tin, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for about 15 minutes.

FRIED CHICKEN

Use young chickens. Prepare them and cut each chicken into four pieces. Dip each piece into milk, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Fry in lard or butter until brown, reduce heat and cook for 15 minutes longer. Drain and pile on a hot plate and keep hot

in the oven. Leave two tablespoons of lard or butter in the pan, rub in 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, then add gradually 1 gill hot milk. Cook for 5 minutes, add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Pour over chicken and serve at once. Arrange rashers of fried bacon on top of the chicken.

If liked, banana fritters, sweet corn fritters, fried cubed potatoes, green peas, and slices of fried tomato may be served with the fried chicken converting it into the popular chicken Maryland.

CHICKEN STEWED IN MILK

A breast of chicken, 1 small cup of milk and white stock, flour, salt and pepper to season, and a few oysters.

Place chicken in a small casserole, pour over it stock and milk (if water is used instead of stock, add also a tiny piece of onion and a few herbs). Place lid on and simmer from 2 to 1 hour. Lift out chicken, strain liquid, and thicken with 2 teaspoons blended flour. Cook for a few minutes, add oysters, and pour over chicken. Serve daintily on a hot plate.

This also makes a delicious and suitable invalid's dish.

CHICKEN PIE

One chicken, 1lb. cooked ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, flour, pepper and salt, stock, 1lb. puff pastry.

Cut chicken into neat joints and dip in flour, salt and pepper. Slice eggs thinly and cut ham into neat slices. Arrange in a pie-dish in alternate layers the chicken, ham, and eggs, sprinkling chopped parsley over each layer. Add stock, cover with pastry, ornament top with flowers and leaves cut from scraps of pastry. Glaze with yolk of egg and milk. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) 20 minutes, then lessen heat and cook for one hour longer. Serve either hot or cold.

CHICKEN SALAD

Portions of steamed chicken, aspic jelly, white chaudroid sauce, gherkins, tomatoes, lettuce and cucumber.

White Chaudroid Sauce: One ounce flour, 1oz. butter, 1 cup milk, 1 cup of the chicken stock, 1 large teaspoon gelatine, herbs and seasonings.

If chicken stock is not well seasoned with herbs, put it with the milk into a double saucepan. Add a small piece of onion, strip of lemon rind, few herbs, and heat for half an hour. Strain and use for sauce.

Melt butter, add flour, mix well, gradually add strained liquid, and cook for three minutes. Add soaked gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Strain

sauce and allow to cool. Mask portions of chicken, when sauce is beginning to set and decorate with rounds of gherkin. Chop aspic jelly, slice cucumber and tomatoes.

Arrange chicken on lettuce leaves in the centre of a flat glass dish. Place chopped aspic and cucumber slices around the edge. Serve with salad dressing.

WHEN you want to rate high as a cookery artist, serve your guests this delicious dish—chicken fricassee with sweet potato puffs and bacon rolls. Mask the chicken with sauce, and, if liked, serve with it also green peas and asparagus.



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19

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THEY ALL ENJOY MIRA PLUM



School lunches are delicious, too. With sandwiches of Mira Plum.

Rosella Mira Plum Jam—the children's favourite. And what could be more wholesome or delicious than this wonderful jam prepared from choicest dark red plums and pure cane sugar.

Also Sultana Apricot Raspberry—Orange Marmalade

Pure Fruit Jams in hygienic gold lined cans



How To TREAT SNAKE-BITE

PATIENT: Doctor, what is the best treatment for snake-bite? I am employed clearing timber, and am in frequent danger from snakes. I should like to know what to do in an emergency if I were a long way from help.

DOCTOR: Although only a small percentage of people are employed at work where the snake-bite hazard is high, every Australian—man, woman, and child—should know what to do in the case of snake-bite.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME By A Doctor

The most important thing in the treatment of a poisonous bite is that it should be **PROMPT**.

Even a short delay may cause a loss of life.

In this country we have a great many snakes, and now that the hot weather is here they are moving about more freely, and are often encountered at picnics in the bush and at other times.

Of course a little common sense and attention to the saying "Look

before you leap," or, rather, where you tread or place your hand, will prevent most accidents.

But even the most careful person may be bitten some time.

Not all bites, of course, are poisonous, and it is sometimes difficult to tell with certainty whether an individual snake is poisonous or not.

So many of the common Australian snakes are poisonous, however, that it is wise to leave nothing to chance, and to treat all bites as poisonous, and therefore dangerous.

The snake keeps its poison "bags" in its head. When it strikes, the venom is injected into its victim by means of hollow or grooved fangs which make small punctures in the skin.

The bite may show only one puncture, but if the reserve fangs have been used, too, as many as three or four small marks on the skin will be seen.

The poison is at first localised in the wound, but is very rapidly absorbed into the system.

Therefore, a ligature should be placed above the wound at once to keep the poison from getting into the main bloodstream, and being quickly spread through the body.

With every second of delay that takes place before the ligature is applied, the poison has circulated further.

Practically anything can be used for a ligature—anything that is at hand—bootlaces, belts, handkerchiefs, stockings, even a strip torn from a shirt can be used quickly.

If rubber tubing can be obtained immediately it will serve the purpose admirably.

Cut off circulation

THE ligature should be tied very tightly above the wound—so tightly that it cuts off the circulation in the wounded part.

If the bite is on the finger (as it very often is) or on the toe, the stopping of circulation is an easy matter, as the constricting band can be tied round the base of the digit.

For a puncture on the leg the ligature should be tied above the knee, and for a puncture on the forearm above the elbow.

Sometimes a person may be bitten on the face or on the body and a ligature cannot be used.

The safest method of treating such a bite is to make a rapid incision on the puncture. The surrounding skin should be washed first, to get rid of any poison on the surface.

If possible, the bite should be cut right out, but this means removing an area 1-inch deep and 1-inch square, and few people can stand such painful treatment. A cut about an inch long and 1-inch deep will do instead.

If the site of the wound cannot be cut off by a ligature, the wound should be sucked. A hot pickle-bottle will do the trick if one is at hand. The mouth of the bottle should be placed tightly over the wound and the bottle allowed to cool.

With a ligatured wound, bleeding should be encouraged. This can be



NOT ONLY snake-bite, but minor mishaps such as scratches, cuts, or insect bites on children's legs should be attended to immediately. Here Dr. Dafoe, the Dionne quintuplets' physician, is inspecting mosquito bites on the leg of one of the "Quins," Annette.

done by squeezing the skin down towards the wound.

Medical care should always be sought in cases of snake-bite, and, if possible, the snake itself should be killed and shown to the doctor.

There are specific antivenenes for dangerous snakes, such as tigers and copperheads, which can be used if the type of snake is known. In bites from a black snake this antivenene will not be necessary.

The patient should be kept quiet until the doctor arrives. Don't make him walk about, and if he wants to sleep, let him.

It is important, however, to keep him warm and guard against shock. Hot coffee or another stimulant can be given if he has collapsed.

If the doctor is a long while in coming, the ligature should be taken off every half-hour.

It should only be left off for half a minute, however, in order to allow the limb to flush with blood, then should be reapplied.

Remember in all cases of snake-bite that it is speed that counts in the saving of life, so even if you are an amateur do not hesitate to apply treatment immediately.



"Suffering cats, Judy, did you hear the door slam? Daddy is fit to be tied. How long's that baby next door been crying, anyway? Something's got to be done or we'll all be in the doghouse!"

"Now, Joan, keep your shirt on. Listen—I'll tell you something . . ."



"... that's a prickly heat cry if I ever heard one. And I told Mother to run over with our Johnson's Baby Powder and put some Where it Will Do the Most Good. A silky, cooling Johnson's rubdown—that's the way to make him pipe down, I said. So she's over there now . . ."



"Look at Daddy— isn't he a scream? He can't make out why the noise has stopped." . . . "Minute ago he wanted to smack that baby—now he's scared somebody really has!" . . . "Don't look so worried, Daddy! It was just Johnson's Baby Powder!"

Soft as satin, Johnson's Baby Powder is incomparable. For complete protection use also Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream.

Johnson's
BABY Powder

BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Moxies, etc.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Baby's milk-mixture in summer-time

THE question is often asked as to whether the milk for a baby's milk-mixture should be boiled.

With the approach of the warm summer days, special care has to be taken in the making and keeping of baby's food.

There are various dangers in the hot summer weather that do not have to be considered during the cool winter months, and if there is any carelessness serious results can occur.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested may obtain a copy free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Two organdie aprons

● Dainty little accessories, designed for wearing when you serve refreshments on special occasions, such as afternoon teas, bridge parties, and so on. Easy to make up and work.

THESE two pretty aprons, traced for making up and working, are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

They are both available in organdie, in colors of green, white, blue or yellow.

Price is 2/11 each, plus 1d. for postage.

Design No. 46: This apron has been specially designed for wearing on card-party afternoons. A card motif forms the attractive bib and the apron is finished with a lace edging to tone with the color of the organdie.

Design No. 48: This apron shows a floral motif at the bib and at the hemline, and is also lace trimmed around the edge.

State which design required when ordering.

Cottons for working also obtainable from our Needlework Department.



TWO APRONS designed for afternoon wear. Available in organdie in colors of green, white, blue or yellow. No. 46 has a bib in the form of a playing-card motif and is finished with lace edging. No. 48 has a floral motif on bib and at the hemline, and is also finished with lace edging.

Just a Pretty Stranger
— in her own Home Town

No girl need risk popularity!
MUM every day prevents
underarm odour—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious — they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. "I'll leave this old town, then I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go — if you neglect underarm odour.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odour. How much wiser to play safe — each day — with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odour before it starts.

Wherever there is social life, popular girls use Mum. And more use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too — even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odour impossible — not by attempting to prevent perspiration — but by neutralizing the odour before it starts. More women make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you popular everywhere — with everyone. Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices 6d., 1/6, and 2/6.

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

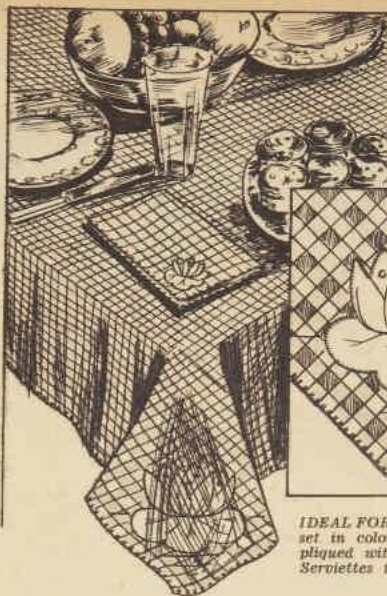


Another Use for Mum
Use Mum for Sanitary
Napkins, as thousands of
women do. Then you're al-
ways safe, free from worry



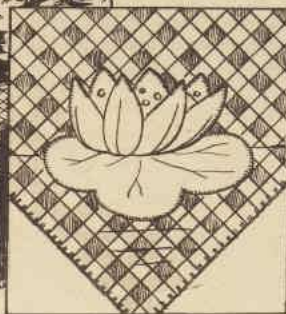
MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Gay for picnics

● Luncheon cloth in colored gingham, showing captivating water-lily design in applique. Serviettes to match also available



IDEAL FOR PICNICS—a luncheon set in colored gingham and applique with a water-lily design. Serviettes to match are also obtainable.

NOW that the picnic season is here again, work one of these attractive luncheon sets.

The cloth, ready for working, and the matching serviettes can be obtained from our Needlework Department in green, blue, yellow, or red gingham.

The cloth is traced with a water-lily applique design, and the applique pieces in plain material are supplied with the cloth.

Prices are:—
Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 3/6; size 54 by 54 inches, 5/6; applique pieces included. Postage 3d. extra.

Serviettes to match, size 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

The various applique pieces should be stitched to the cloth with button-holing or blanket-stitching in matching or contrasting cottons. The edges of the cloth should also be buttonholed or blanket-stitched.

Linora frock

● Designed for the little girl for summer wear. Traced ready for making up and working in colored cottons.

SMALL girls can do with lots of pretty tub frocks in the summer weather.

Here is one which is fresh and dainty-looking and will stand up to plenty of wear and laundering.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department in linora in shades of blue, pink, green, lemon, or cream.

The material is traced with pattern for cutting out and with design



YOUR LITTLE GIRL would look charming in this captivating frock. Obtainable in cream or colored linora and traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for embroidery. Sizes 4 to 6 years and 6 to 8 years.

for embroidery, so all you have to do is cut out, stitch up, and work.

The frock features a small yoke, a tiny Peter Pan collar, and a gored skirt.

The floral motif is worked on the yoke at the corners and at the waistline.

Sizes and prices are:—

Four to six years, 3/11; six to eight years, 4/9, plus 3d. for postage.

Should you desire to make up this design in your own material you can obtain paper pattern for the design from our Needlework Department for 1/-.

Transfer to match, 1/-.
This style would look well made up in any attractive summer cotton or linen. It could also be used for making up a suitable silk material.

Send To This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 1007, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 401G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4004W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street or Dullin House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



Mother, See if the
Child's Tongue
is Coated

Mother, Don't Hesitate!

If your Child is Cross, Feverish,
Constipated, give this reliable liquid laxative.

Look at your child's tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that the little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing with 'Calfig'.

When a child is fretful, cross, listless, pale, can't sleep, doesn't eat or won't play; or if feverish, with a disordered stomach and sour breath, or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, or the "stiffness" of a cold, give a teaspoonful of 'Calfig' and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-matter, undigested food and sour bile gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, happy child again.

'Calfig' sweetens the sour stomach, sharpens the appetite and strengthens digestion. It keeps the

blood pure and free from fever. And, Mother, remember, nothing stops a child's growth and progress like constipation, so give a weekly dose of 'Calfig.' Your child will thrive all the better for it. Don't give strong medicines; they weaken a child and leave the bowels worse constipated than before.

'Calfig' is nature's own laxative. Composed purely of delicious ripe fruit and vegetable extracts it acts on the bowels like fruit and is therefore the safest, most natural laxative you can have. And how the little ones love the fruity flavour; see how their eyes will sparkle with eagerness when you bring out the bottle of delicious 'Calfig.' Sold everywhere. Get it for your children today.

CALFIG
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

NATURE'S OWN
LAXATIVE

GOOD NEWS

FOR ALL INTERESTED IN GOOD HEALTH

The response of the Australian public to our campaign for more healthful eating... the great interest shown in our introductory free gift scheme, has been such an outstanding success that we are pleased to announce that **FREE GIFT COUPONS** ARE NOW PROVIDED WITH TWENTY-ONE (21) DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF THE FAMOUS SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS ILLUSTRATED BELOW... AND ALSO THAT COUPONS FROM EACH OF THESE TWENTY-ONE PRODUCTS COMBINE FOR ANY FREE GIFT. THIS MEANS THAT YOU NOW GET YOUR FREE GIFTS TWENTY TIMES QUICKER... It means that the more of the Sanitarium Health Food variety you use, the quicker you obtain the high grade and useful free gifts that are offering. Help your family to good health by always using a plentiful supply of Sanitarium Health Foods.

GET SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY AND SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS WITH YOUR COUPONS TO-MORROW.



MARMITE A tasty yeast and vegetable extract and one of the richest known sources of the necessary vitamin "B" with a thousand uses.	SOYA BEANS Packed in tomato sauce they are clean cooked so that every part of the nourishment is retained. Rich in vitamins A-B-C-D.	GRAINUT A crisp, nutty, cereal food containing no come sugar. Grainut is a combination of choice wheat, edible nuts and wheat extract.	KWIC-BRU A delicious health "coffee" made from choice cereals and free from drugs that affect the heart and nerves.	PEANUT BUTTER Very easily digested it contains more "protein" than lean beef, twice as much "fat" as eggs and six times that of beef steak. Excellent for growing children.	GLUTEN MEAL A brain and body-building porridge. Ideal for business men and a source of strength to growing children.						
NUT MEATS A combination of nuts and grains — a most appetizing substitute for flesh food and possessing a high and nutritive value.	PROTOSÉ More nutritious than meat and much more easily digested. Protosé is a perfect substitute for flesh food.	NUT CHEESE The vegetable analogue of potted chicken or veal. It is rich in albumen and fats and is a safe and wholesome substitute for cheese.	BAKED BEANS A superior, delicately flavoured combination of wholesome, specially selected beans, nuts and rich tomato sauce.	GLUTEN BISCUITS Tend to increase the formation of red corpuscles and to supply suitable nourishment for sufferers from dysentery, obesity, diabetes, malnutrition and anaemia.	CERIX PUFFED RICE Manufactured in a similar manner to Puffed Wheat. Made from best quality undressed and unpolished rice.						
DIABETIC ROLLS A valuable article of diet for diabetics and others needing food rich in protein properties.	GRANOSÉ Granosé biscuits are whole wheat in its purest and most palatable form. Recommended as baby's "first cereal."	WEET-BIX Another whole wheat biscuit deliciously flavoured with healthful honey and malt. All the family love Weet-Bix.	MALTED NUTS Invaluable as a nutrient for sufferers from dyspepsia, constipation, neurosthenia, Bright's disease, etc., and for those with whom cow's milk disagrees.	Free gift coupons from any of these twenty-one products COMBINE for any of the scores of free gifts offering.	BIXIES An appetising, crisp and crunchy breakfast wheat flakes flavoured with delicious and beautiful honey and malt.						
SAN-BRAN A pleasant, safe and effective remedy for constipation, both for children and adults. Rich in healthful mineral salts.	DIABETIC MEAL Made from selected wheat and recommended for its high gluten content. It makes a delicious porridge or gruel.	GRANOLA A nutritious porridge food — a perfect blending of grains — wheat, corn, rye and oats — grains rich in vitamins.	WHAT TO DO All gifts are available at the following addresses — SYDNEY: 11 Hunter Street. MELBOURNE: 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.	108 POINTS Selected Hospital Sheet, laminated, size 34 x 30. 3 year guarantee quality. Postage, 1/-	15 POINTS Cream Jug, Insulated Crystal. Useful size. Postage, 4/-	122 POINTS Inexpensive Travel Size 22 x 44. (Patent Shaver) Postage, 6/-	371 POINTS Oval Elastic Iron with modern comfortable moulded bakelite grip. Guaranteed 1 year. Packing and postage, 2/-	38 POINTS All Linen Glass Cloth, in modern linen design and hand colours, laminated, size 22 x 34. Postage, 3/-	55 POINTS Dessert Rattle. 55 Points. Postage, 1/-	54 POINTS Tumbler. 54 Points. Postage, 3/-	16 POINTS All high grade quality.

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

Furnished to suit her personality

A FASCINATING home which features cool cream enamel furniture and pastel color schemes . . . The result is a subtly feminine background and a light sunny appearance expressing charm and friendliness.

By Our Home Decorator

HERE is a home which has been decorated and furnished with unusual success to suit the personality of the chatelaine.

When her husband and son went into camp Mrs. Keith Fisher decided

to give up her large country home, take a house at Rose Bay for the duration, and decorate it to suit herself.

This house is not large, but is very modern and attractive.

From a wide hall you go through double doors into the lounge, which has big windows overlooking the



BEDROOM which has twin beds and cream enamel suite. Window-drapes and bedspread are rich duck-egg blue damask showing an off-white fern-leaf design, while the glass curtains are cream marquise.



ABOVE: Lounge-room where cream walls and cream enamel furniture make a perfect background for curtains and cushions in tea-rose pink, for a multi-colored carpet with an all-over design in greens, pinks, and beige, and the exquisite tapestry upholstery. The latter, which looks hand-done, features a rose-sprig design in pink, green, and blue on an off-white ground.



LEFT: Dining-room. Here shot-silk taffeta curtains in peacock-blue and gold and a multi-colored carpet contrast with dark brown furniture and upholstery.

garden at the rear of the house. The general color scheme of this room is tea-rose and cream.

Here cream enamel furniture contrasts with the multi-colored carpet, curtains, and chair upholstery.

The last-named is a tapestry which looks as if it might have been hand-done. It has a deep off-white ground and shows a little rose-sprig design in pink, dark green, and blue.

Window-drapes are floor-length tea-rose pink damask, and are allied with glass curtains of white muslin showing a pink-and-green rose-sprig motif.

Cushions in the room are of moire taffeta in exactly the same pink as the curtains, while the flowers used in the many vases about the room are also in pink tonings.

Little tables

OTHER furnishings in the lounge include a writing-desk under the window, occasional-tables and small coffee-tables beside the lounge chairs. On these tables, which are also fitted with shelves for books and magazines, are cream enamel pots holding red-berried plants.

A most useful piece is a traymobile in cream enamel with pale green edges, which, when not in use, folds up and becomes a fire-screen.

The bedroom, like the lounge, is very lovely in its color scheme, which this time combines a rich duck-egg blue with cream.

All furniture and woodwork in this room are enamelled cream, the carpet features an all-over floral design in subdued tones of blue, primrose, and pink on a light brown ground, and the window-drapes and spreads for the twin beds are duck-egg blue damask showing a fern-leaf design in off-white.

Glass curtains are cream pinpoint marquise, and this same marquise is used to flounce the bedspreads all round.

Coty TALC

In the new War-time Container.

The same quantity, the same talc

in the same perfumes.

At a reduced price.

36



INVITING!
— all it wants now is the
HEINZ
MAYONNAISE

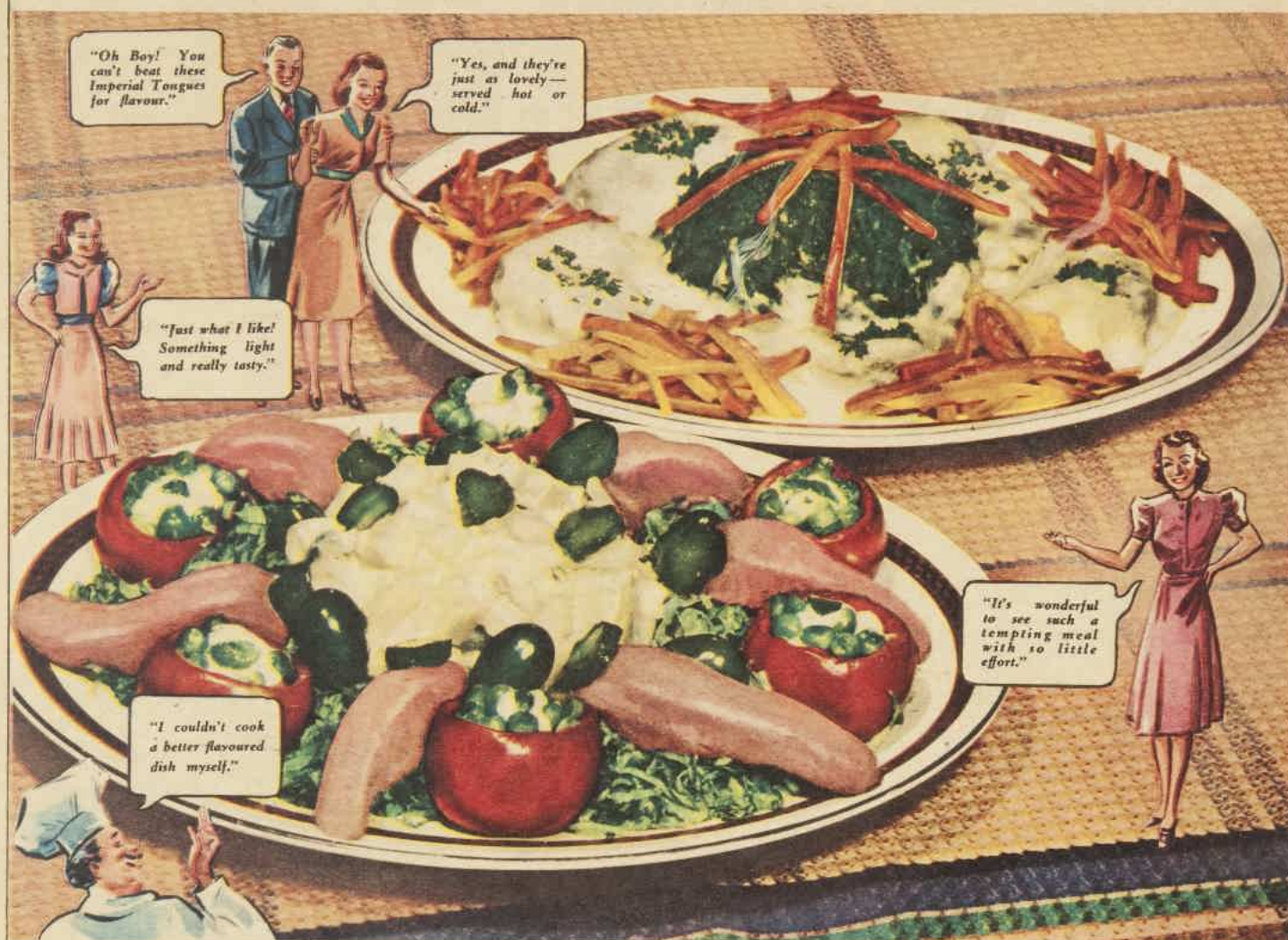
Heinz Mayonnaise adds that faultless, couldn't-be-better finish to your salads — without Heinz NO salad is complete. Heinz is the sort of mayonnaise you'd make yourself with richest, freshest cream, today's eggs, and other good things like that, blended and seasoned with the subtlest sense of flavour. Heinz are masters in the art of salad-dressing. Serve Heinz Mayonnaise today — it's good — in fact so good that your grocer will refund the purchase price in full if you don't find Heinz Mayonnaise completely delicious.



MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Solving the Dual Problems of...

Light, Quick Meals--AND the Unexpected Guest!



Serve them
HOT
Or Serve them
COLD

Many enjoy "Imperial" Sheep or Lamb Tongues Hot—fricasseed, fried in bread-crumbs, curried or braised.

Others enjoy them most, served Cold, either whole or sliced with salad or in appetising sandwiches.

★ Ask your grocer for "Imperial" flavour-sealed ready-to-serve "Imperial" good foods.



Product of
WM. ANGLISS & CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

Flavour-Sealed, Ready-to-serve Sheep and Lamb Tongues!

"What flavour!" all the family will exclaim when they taste the rich, wholesome goodness of these mild-cured new Season's "Imperial" Tongues. They're actually cooked in the can, in vacuum, by a new "flavour-sealing" tenderising process—packed in aspic jelly and unsurpassably delicious. And what a relief for you madam, especially on these hot, tiring days when you feel "fagged out" to have these "Imperial" delicacies all ready to serve at any hour. No fuss—no bother of preparation—no tedious hours of cooking. They're so ideal for picnics—for meals-in-a-hurry—and for providing something that will really delight the unexpected guest!

The "Imperial" range includes "Hot Meals" in the following varieties:

★ Sausages and Vegetables ★ Steak and Kidney Pudding ★ Irish Stew ★ Beef Steak Pudding ★ Lamb and Green Peas ★ Sausages, Spaghetti and Tomato ★ Steak and Tomato ★ Frankettes and Tomato Sauce ★ Sausages and Tomato

and the following "Cold Meals":

★ Lamb Tongues ★ Camp Pie ★ Sheep Tongues ★ Mango and Pa Paw Chutney ★ Sandwich Pastes ★ Cheese Beef Extract ★ Corned Beef and Hampe, the wonderful new Imperial combination of choicest ham and veal.

Imperial

GOOD FOODS